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A Persian Love Song.

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray;
They stand in everlasting light;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

Damsel Dorothy.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring—
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

That if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another, to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes;
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Though all the battles of way and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover—and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone—
Edward's and Dorothy's—all their own—
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

—*O. W. Holmes*

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas eve. For an hour or more I had been seated before the chimney-place gazing into the fire, indulging in a retrospection. I am a bachelor. But Christmas is not the only day I devote to dreaming; for I am one of those individuals who live much in the past, and often, as twilight deepens into darkness, I sit peering back into the hazy past, in fancy snatching again scenes which bring to my vision a sweet, childish face, framed in a profusion of yellow ringlets, a face that made an impression on my boyish heart, which time can never efface. That awoke within me the first wild thrills of love—true, indulging love. A face too heavenly for this world, so God called it away early. When I looked upon it for the last time—before the coffin lid shut it forever from my view—my young heart chilled within me, and I fervently prayed that I, too, might die. From the moment that I heard the harsh earth thud upon the coffin that contained the form of my child love, I became something of a recluse. I had come to Cliffville on business a few days previous to the opening of my story, intending to return on the following day; but before I had been in town two hours an old acquaintance of mine—the gout—took it upon himself to pay me a visit; I was obliged to forego all business and remain in my room in the Cliffville Hotel. Christmas eve found me much improved. But the prospect of spending the day at a village tavern, where I was a total stranger, did not present to me an unpleasant aspect, although a sense of extreme loneliness stole over me, and the silence and gloom of the room (for it was now quite dark) oppressed me. I put some wood upon the fast expiring coals and lighted up my lamp. I paced up and down the narrow room to keep warm. By degrees my thoughts drifted into a strange channel, and suddenly, and for the first time in my existence, I realized what a useless, selfish being I was—that I had been looking at life through a defective glass. I was simply Isaac Alderton, a moody old bachelor, with an intellect in no way superior to the average, but possessing a goodly stock of this world's goods, which I had managed and used for the gratification of my own selfish whims and fancies, never for a moment thinking of the want and suffering around me. I would turn over a new leaf and date it Christmas eve, 1855.

A few moments later found me carefully picking my way over the slippery pavement of the main street of the town. In the store-windows, which were illuminated as brightly as a plentiful array of oil-lamps and metal reflectors would permit, articles of every description were displayed in the most enticing manner. Groups, of men, women, and children were collected before the most attractive windows, gazing admiringly at their alluring contents, while others hurried hither and thither laden with numerous packages, containing articles destined to make both young and old hearts bound with pleasure on the morrow. The jingle of bells, as merry sleighing parties dashed over the crisp snow, the peals of laughter that reached my ear, and the happy smiling faces that met my gaze at every turn, combined to almost convince me that care had been vanquished for a time, and mirth and happiness had usurped its place.

I had been walking quite briskly for some moments, humming half aloud odd lines from old songs, having quite forgotten my mission, when the distance between store-windows, and the infrequency of street lamps, notified me that I was approaching the suburbs of the town.

Going back away, I had stopped opposite the show-window of a little confection and toy-store. Before this window, looking with longing eyes at the wonders within, stood a little girl, thinly and poorly clad, and by her side holding her hand in his, an old man with a sorrowful, careworn face.

"Oh! grandpa, aun't they beautiful!" exclaimed the child. "See that doll with light hair. Isn't she lovely! How I wish she were mine; but you can't buy her for me, can you?"

"Not to-night," replied the old man, with a half-suppressed sigh. "But sometime, perhaps, my little Aggie can have a far finer one—when grandpa gets rich."

He smiled faintly, then turned his eyes from the window and gazed away into the darkness. The light fell upon his face, when I could easily discern the deep traces of care, disappointment, and age.

"Oh! how I wish I had some of those candies, and the doll, and that wagon with red wheels, and—but I forgot. It is wrong to make such wishes. Aunt Maria has told me that I must not covet anything—that to do so is very wicked. Come, grandpa." And she turned away sadly. "Let us go home. I don't want to be wicked, but I can't help it when I see so many pretty things."

The old man permitted himself to be led from the window by the child, and hand in hand they walked slowly away. For a moment I stood looking after them, then, acting upon the impulse, I started in pursuit. After proceeding a short distance along the main thoroughfare, they turned off into a narrow street, and, following, I saw them enter a small and rather dilapidated house, which stood some little distance back from the street, with a courtyard before it. I noted its appearance carefully. It was built of wood, two stories high, and looked to be considerably older than a century. A picket-fence—minus many of the pickets—with a rickety gate, which swung backward and forward in the strong wind, discoursing the most excruciating music imaginable, divided the plot of ground upon which it stood from the street. Satisfied that I could find the house again without difficulty, I retraced my steps, and was soon standing before the counter of the little store, into whose windows the old man and child had gazed so wistfully but a few minutes previous. When I stepped out into the street again it was with a large brown paper-bundle in my arm, the contents of which consisted of the coveted doll, several sugar soldiers and peasant girls, a miniature cradle, the wagon with red wheels, a white woolly dog, with protruding glass eyes and a red paper collar, a cat that mewed when squeezed, and numerous smaller toys, together with several cornucopias of sweets.

Though the package was a cumbersome one, and on several occasions came near being knocked out of my arms by some careless or excited passer-by, and the tongue of the wagon would persist in getting into complications with my legs, I must say I never felt lighter of heart, or better able to contend with the ordinary annoyances of mankind, than on this particular occasion.

Back to the little old-fashioned house I struggled, but I was not destined to reach it without two complete "tip-ups," from which I suffered no inconvenience, however, beyond a slight bruise upon a rather prominent portion of my anatomy, in consequence of my coming too suddenly and violently in contact with the pavement, in a sitting posture. I pushed open the vociferous gate, crossed the courtyard, and knocked at the door of the house. An aged female, wearing a frilled cap, answered the summons.

"Good evening," I remarked. "My call may strike you as somewhat singular, but this being Christmas eve, I have undertaken, for the first time, to enact the agreeable *role* of St. Nicholas, and in that character I have tapped at your door."

She looked rather perplexed, and considerably alarmed.

"Step aside, Nancy, and let me do the talking." And pushing her gently aside, the old man I had followed stepped forward. "What is it, sir?" he asked, eyeing me rather sharply.

"The fact is," I replied, "I saw a child, to-night, gazing into the window of a store, and heard her express a desire to possess some of its contents, and here they are," and I extended the bundle toward the little pale face I saw peering timidly out from behind the old woman's skirts in the background.

One glance at that countenance, as the expression of perplexity and doubt gave way to that of extreme joy, as the child seized the bundle and tore an aperture in the wrapper, paid me tenfold for the bruises I had received in conveying it to her. The old man looked first at the child and then at me, as if debating in his mind whether it was advisable to permit the little one to retain the package, so mysteriously and unexpectedly presented; but the female, regardless of his hesitation, again came forward, and with a low "God bless you," bade me enter.

Accepting the invitation, I found myself within a good-sized room, upon the large old-fashioned hearth of which sparkled and blazed a cheerful wood fire. The furniture, which was antique in style and much worn, consisted of several cumbersome maple chairs, a huge mahogany bureau with diminutive glass knobs and claw-like feet, and a tall clock almost resembling a coffin, which stood in a remote corner solemnly telling off the passing seconds, with its measured "tick, tick." Upon the walls hung several highly-colored prints of scriptural scenes. There was no carpet upon the well-scrubbed floor, and everything wore an air of the most scrupulous cleanliness and respectable poverty. The occupants of the apartment were four in number—the old man and woman, the child, and a short, withered-up piece of female humanity, who retired to the utmost extremity of the room immediately upon my entrance, and, burying her face in her hands, gave vent to the most astonishing and unaccountable outburst of feeling, in the form of unintelligible utterances and hysterical sobs, I ever heard. The old man motioned me to a chair, and when the excited female had somewhat subsided, said: "Sir, you have brought happiness to one little heart to-night, and God bless you for it. But how happened it that one of our household should be the object of your generosity?"

"Because Providence so willed it," I answered. "I can assign no other reason." I related how I chanced to overhear the conversation which prompted me to assume the *role* of St. Nicholas. The child fairly glowed with joy. If every doll brings to its possessor the happiness my gift did to this little one, doll makers should never be forgotten in children's prayers. At last, wearied with play, the child clambered up into the lap of the diminutive female, and sank to rest with the doll pressed to her heart, in a thoroughly maternal manner. Happening to glance at the wall, near where I was seated, I noticed suspended in a rude frame a family register. The bright border that surrounded it, together with the highly-colored and rather ludicrous pictures—intended, no doubt, to be suggestive and appropriate—which headed the respective columns of births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths, at first attracted my attention, but I was still more interested when my eye fell upon the following entry, the last but one under the latter heading:

"William Hemphill, youngest son of Aaron and Nancy Hemphill, aged 26 years, sailed from Cliffville, August 16th, 1849, in the brig Starlight. Neither he, the vessel, or any of her crew were ever heard of afterwards."

"It's a sad story that paper tells, sir," remarked the old man, as he noticed me looking intently at the register. "A story of long waiting, disappointment, and mourning."

"He was your son?" I ventured, after a moment of silence.

"Yes," he replied, with something of a tremor in his voice. "The only one left of three. The others died when they were children. He was a noble lad, and a good seaman. I was so proud of him, sir, so proud, and used to look forward with pleasure to the time when he would command his own vessel." Tears ran down the old man's cheeks and his lips twitched convulsively.

Alas! the dream of his old age was dispelled—his idol lay buried beneath the waters of the cold, cruel sea.

"And the little one," I asked, "is she his child?"

He did not appear to hear me. He was gazing abstractedly into the fire with a peculiar, far-off expression. His wife answered in his stead, "Yes."

"And her mother?" I resumed.

"Died," answered she, "three years ago. She never was very strong, and when she realized that all hope was in vain, she seemed to lose interest in everything. We did all we could for her, but as the doctor said, there was no medicine in this world that could save her. One night she called us to her, and told us that she was going to leave us, and wished to bid us all farewell; and when she saw the tears rise to our eyes—for we loved her as if she had been our own—she looked up, and smilingly said—'Father, mother, don't mourn for me; I shall be happy, very happy, soon—for I am going to meet him, my husband, in a land where nothing can ever part us.' We lifted her child up to the bedside. She kissed her tenderly, and with its father's name unfinished on her lips passed quietly away."

I was much moved by this recital, and it was not without difficulty that I overcame the choking sensation I felt in my throat, and suppressed the moisture that came to my eyes. The old man having aroused from his reverie, was gazing sadly at the sleeping child. I felt a desire to know more of William Hemphill than the sad entry upon the family register told. I listened to the wind moaning through the naked branches of the trees outside, and whistling through every hole and crevice of the old house, and wondering how they must feel who hear its demoniac screeches through the rigging of a doomed ship, far away upon the ocean beyond the reach of aid. For some moments, no one spoke—no sound broke the stillness except the ticking of the clock, the cracking of the fire and the heavy breathing of the little woman in the corner, who, following the example of the child, had gone to sleep. I was the first to break the silence.

"Where was the Starlight bound?" I ventured, hoping to draw forth the story.

"To the northern seas," replied the old man. "She was a whaler, and as pretty a craft as ever sailed. Why, sir, it was considered an honor to be one of her crew. For four years, William had been first mate of the Dolphin, a staunch, slow-sailing brig, that could stow away a larger cargo than any craft that sailed from California, yet he had often expressed a wish to sail on the Starlight. The Dolphin got in on a Sunday about sundown. We were seated around the table in this very room, that evening, a happy party, listening to William's description of the strange and wonderful things he had witnessed far away in the Arctic seas, when there came a knock at the door. Maria, there"—and he pointed to the slumbering little woman—"opened the door, and who should step in but Nathan Ross, the captain of the Starlight. He drew up a chair and joined the party, and entered into conversation and told us many strange and interesting stories. At last, as he arose to go, he turned toward William and asked whether it was true that he had made his last voyage on the Dolphin. 'Yes,' replied our boy. 'Three voyages on a slow tub like her are quite enough for my temperament.' 'How would you like the Starlight?' inquired the captain. 'There's not a craft that would suit me better,' he answered. 'I want a mate,' the captain went on to explain. 'Isaac Denton is down with a fever, and as I know you to be a good sailor, I dropped in to-night to know whether you will ship with me?' William's face lighted up as he answered, 'With no man sooner than yourself, and on no craft with more pleasure than the Starlight.'

"The next day everything was arranged, and William was the first mate of the handsome little brig, which sailed two days after upon a six months' voyage. There was a crowd on the pier when she left, composed of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, and sweethearts, collected there to say 'Good-bye!' God speed, and a safe voyage!' Days rolled into weeks, and weeks into months, and, at last, people began to speak of the return of the Starlight, and to look toward the horizon, expecting each day to sight her sail, but no sail appeared, except that of some fishing-smack or coasting vessel in the distance. So six, seven, eight, nine, and ten months rolled away, and yet no news of the overdue vessel reached us, and the people began to display anxiety and to scan the sea oftener, but the trim little vessel never showed her peaks above the horizon. It was not until two years had sped by, that all hope died. Oh, sir! sad faces and broken hearts were numerous then! Our home was no longer the same; a heavy cloud hung over it, casting a gloom where everything had been bright and happy before. We saw the face that had been the brightest of all, growing each day pale and thinner. It was a long time before I fairly realized that our boy had gone from us forever. I have often found myself gazing off on the ocean, with a nervous feeling at my heart, thinking half aloud, 'Perhaps she'll heave in sight to-day,' but the remembrance of those two years of vain waiting and hope would flash upon my mind—then my heart would sink, with a dull sinking pain. After Maria—his wife, sir—died, the clouds seemed to fall thicker about us. I should have lost all heart, had it not been that the child was left us. Each day some new trouble overtook us, and last year I was obliged to mortgage our little home here."

The fire was dying down—only a few coals smouldered among the ashes. The wind sang dolefully, and shook the old house till doors, sashes, and blinds beat in chorus a loud tattoo. I was much affected by the old man's story. His wan face, so deeply furrowed by age and care, and sunken eyes now moist with tears, were thrown out in relief by the light of the oil-lamps on the mantel, making a sad and almost weird picture. He had fallen into one of his thoughtful moods again, his eyes fixed upon the floor before him. His wife sat rocking backward and forward, in a low chair, nervously picking at the thread in the hem of her apron, while the mysterious female and the child slumbered peacefully. Suddenly a gust, stronger than any which had preceded it, shook the house from foundation to roof, so that even the dishes in the pantry added to the general wild rattle and clatter of doors, windows, and blinds. All at once, the door through which I entered the apartment dashed open, and the freezing wind, bearing with it a quantity of drifting snow, rushed madly in. The sudden change of temperature awoke the small female in the corner with a start. Pushing the child from her lap, she sprang up and rushed toward the door. For a moment she stared fixedly out into the darkness, with a look of terror upon her face, and then uttering a terrific screech, she sank to the floor.

Hastening forward, I was confronted by a tall man, with a full shaggy beard, dressed in a half civilian, half sailor costume. He stepped by me, and crossing, with extended arms, toward the old couple, exclaimed—"Father! mother! don't you know me?" At the sound of his voice they rushed forward with a cry of joy, and fell upon his breast. He had returned, as from the grave, the son they had mourned as dead, to be the stay of their declining years. But the wife he had so tenderly and truly loved! Where was she? Alas! beneath the frozen sod of the near-by churchyard she lay, wrapped in that deep sleep that knows no waking. Sadly, but fondly, he clasped his motherless child to his breast, and seated there before the ample hearth, he told his story. The Starlight had founded in the Arctic Sea, but he and two others succeeded in reaching an icefloe, upon which for three entire days they drifted over a trackless sea, until a Danish bark hove in sight, and rescued them—his comrades in a dying state, and he almost. On his arrival at Copenhagen, he found an English vessel about to sail for Liverpool, and succeeded in obtaining passage on her. His great desire was to reach home as soon as possible; but as he was without means he had no alternative but to work his passage. Reaching an English seaport, he at once went in quest of a vessel about sailing for some American port. The Virginia was an American ship. She would sail in a few days for New York, and wanted a few good seamen to complete her crew, the captain informed him where he made his application. It was not until the Virginia had been two days out that he discovered she was a slaver, bound for the coast of Africa. After a tedious, stormy voyage the ship put in at Quitta, a little town on the Atlantic coast of Africa. He succeeded in effecting his escape to the interior, where he remained several months among the natives. He recounted the strange things he had seen, and the danger he had encountered in the jungle. At the expiration of two years he again found himself upon the coast, at Old Calabar, where he shipped upon a Brazilian vessel, and in due course of time arrived at Rio de Janeiro. Years of toil, seeking for gold in the mountain districts, found him a poorer man than when he left his home to seek his fortunes—at home again, a weary wanderer, with little pleasure in the sound of the Christmas bells a-ringing.

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The bald space upon my head has considerably increased in circumference since the Christmas eve I heard that story told in the little old house, and I am now a very old bachelor. It is just two years ago last New Year since I retired from active life, leaving my partner, William Hemphill, to manage and conduct the business. The wound occasioned by his wife's death has never entirely healed over, so he a widower and I a bachelor live together in a quiet neighborhood in the suburbs of the town. One would scarcely recognize in the pretty and handy little maiden who presides over our establishment the pale child for whom I made my first purchase of toys that Christmas eve. Together, once or twice a year, William and I run down to Cliffville to look after the little homestead, which is now his property, and visit the little plot, in the picturesque village churchyard, where his father, mother and wife are sleeping. There is a small upper room in our dwelling, which our little housekeeper keeps as a sort of sanctum. In one corner of it I have often noticed a small green chest. I had occasion to pass through the apartment a few days since, when I discovered that the lid of the chest had been left up, and curiosity prompted me to take a peep at its contents, which I found to consist of the remnants of a doll's cradle, a doll's wagon, with a solitary red wheel, and the head, body and one leg of the doll herself.

What to Teach Our Daughters.

Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them to make shirts.
Teach them to foot up store bills.
Teach them not to wear false hair.
Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
Bring them up in the way they should go.
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
Teach them how to make their own dresses.
Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.
Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical common sense.
Teach them to say No, and mean it; or Yes, and stick to it.
Teach them to wear calico dresses and do it like queens.
Give them a good, substantial common-school education.
Teach them that a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.
Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.
Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor.
Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.
Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.
Teach them the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor-house.

Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them that a good, steady mechanic is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Early Days in Tennessee.

When a lady went to Dover or Palmyra, our commercial cities in those days, and bought a calico dress, says an exchange, speaking of early days in Tennessee, it aroused and excited the whole community more than the killing of a bear caught in the cowpen, which was a frequent occurrence. When a calico dress was purchased, the news spread like wildfire. It was narrated abroad that such a one had bought a calico dress. In those days we had our sugar-camps, and made our own sugar; coffee was bought at our commercial cities, and used only on Sundays. Milk, the best and most healthy beverage in the world, was daily used, and the rose bloomed and played upon every girl's cheek. There were no calomel-doctors' bills to pay. They are a worthy and useful profession of the present day. We had meeting-houses in those days, made of logs and clapboards. We called it going to meeting. The elegant phrase now is to attend church, and to go in buggies and carriages. We walked from three to five miles in going to meeting, playing with the girls all the way. I have seen from fifty to one hundred ladies walking barefooted to meeting, carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, and on arriving, sitting down along the branch, washing their beautiful feet, and putting on their stockings and shoes, preparatory to going in.

Physical and Mental Disease.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* speaks of the fact as decidedly noteworthy that the common opinion that excessive mental occupation gravitates toward insanity is not only not verified by facts, but that, on the contrary, one of the foremost of living physicians doubts whether alienation of mind is ever the result of overstrain; it is to physical, not to mental derangement, he thinks, that excessive work of the brain generally gives rise. Insanity, he points out, finds the most suitable material for its development among the clodddish, uneducated classes, while the worst forms of physical diseases are originated and intensified by the educated, overstraining brain-workers.

TEXAN BULL BATTLES.

How the Bovines Fight on the Plains of the Lone Star State.

A correspondent among the great cattle herds in Texas writes to the Galveston *News*: In case of a severe winter, when grass is scant, a pack of wolves single out some decrepit old bull that has fought his last fight and been deserted by his herd long ago, which they follow and worry day and night until he is at last pulled down. Like the buffalo which formly roamed over this country, these bulls are constantly fighting for the mastery of the herds, and the cows have a hearty contempt for the fellow that is not ready at all times to present an undaunted front. With their immense frames and terrible horns a pair of Texan bulls make a bad fight. Shorthorn Durham bulls have been introduced by men who thought to improve the stock; but they have no show at all, and one is occasionally seen feeding in solitude. In rounding up cattle upon the prairie, the driver witnesses a great many of these fights. Perhaps half a dozen distinct herds are brought together, and the "lords" take occasion to plume themselves, and meandering around, with deep roars, pay their respects to the gentle sex, and glance defiance at each other. Young aspirants for honors are equally as demonstrative, and outcasts thus brought into contact with victors in former contests are punished for their seeming temerity; old sores are revived; hostilities begin, and soon a dozen fights are going on in different portions of the large herd. The first symptoms of an accepted challenge are telegraphed over the herd by prolonged and shrill roars. Instantly all the bulls in the immediate vicinity, not engaged, rush to the spot and caper about the two adversaries in a way they would seem incapable of—all the while bellowing, and undoubtedly taking sides, and urging on the two central figures. About twenty feet apart they stand, tossing up dirt with hoof and horn, until suddenly, with lowered head, they spring at each other, and their foreheads meet with a dull thud. The rebound, and a second and third time rally, when comes the sudden strain—head to head and horn to horn. Every nerve and muscle is exerted to the utmost; and no living thing can long endure such fearful tension. Presently one will prove the weaker, or slip a foot, and for the moment be thrown off his guard; but the slightest advantage is not lost to those watchful, glaring eyes of his antagonist, who throws his last energies into a mighty plunge forward, which turns the victim's neck, and the long, raking wound in the flank follows. It is not good to be too near them, for horse and rider might be overturned. Nothing will stop a vanquished bull in his headlong flight; and blind with rage and agony, he runs far away upon the prairie. Many lose their lives fighting. If not gored in a vital part, the wounds are flyblown directly, often causing death.

A Strange Freak of Nature.

A. R. Abbitt lives in the city of Fort Howard, Wis., and is surrounded by a large and interesting family. Some two years ago the mother died, having triplets, and shortly after her death two of the little ones were quietly put to rest by the side of the departed mother. But, singular to relate, the surviving one, by a freak of nature, was ushered into this world with two upper and two lower front teeth, while the body was almost covered with soft, silky hair; the hair on its back being darker than on other parts of the body. From the want of a mother's care the little one seemed to slowly sink, and looked as if it would soon follow those which had gone before. With a few months careful attention and the assistance of loving hands the little sufferer soon showed evidences of gaining health and strength. With increasing age the motherless one showed remarkable precociousness; its antics and cunning ways were the attractions of the household. Strange to relate, however, all sweetened food and dainty dishes usually partaken by the young were untouched by this pet of the family, and he seemed to have an unusual liking for vegetables, which ultimately were freely given him. The circumstances surrounding the birth—remarkable appearance, and singular habits of the little one, have to a great extent been kept from the public, principally from the desire that the residence of his family should not be daily surrounded by the idle and the curious. The extraordinary facts narrated have only come to the knowledge of the reporter of the *Daily State Gazette* from the sudden death of the subject of this notice. On Friday the little one was as healthy and frocliesome as any day of its life; but on Saturday morning it was found dead. The spark of life no doubt had fled during the night, without a murmur or expression of pain from the now inanimate body.

A Forsaken, Friendless Wife.

A telegram was sent to a Chicago police station stating that the body of a new-born child, supposed to have been murdered, had been found and the mother was under arrest. The poor girl is a pretty, petite, black-eyed young female of unusually modest, and even timid, demeanor. She is nineteen years old, and looks as though the thought of committing a great crime would amply suffice to scare her to death. A reporter interviewed her at the Chicago avenue station, where she told her story in a straightforward way, and subsequent investigation failed to disprove a single statement she made. Her maiden name is Mary Kern. About a year ago she was married to Spence Marson, in the city of New York, in whose father's family she had been employed as a domestic. Last July the heartless husband deserted his young and inexperienced wife, and she has not since seen him, but supposes he is somewhere in New Jersey. Without friends in New York, and almost distracted by her forlorn condition, she sought to better her fortunes by seeking a new home in Chicago.

A Cruel Custom.

A prominent Philadelphia physician writes as follows of the practice of compelling shop girls to *stand* behind the counter during all their hours of service: "The custom is selfish, cruel and useless. Selfish on the part of the proprietor requiring the women to stand all the time, whether serving customers or not, and this merely that they may appear to be always on the alert to wait on those who call. To stand from seven or eight o'clock in the morning, to six, eight or ten at night—as is the custom at certain stores—with a short time at midday for dinner, would weary any man. But to exact such service from girls and women! Their physical powers are, it is well known, much weaker than those of men; at any rate, and by their anatomical and physiological peculiarities, they are entirely unfit for bearing this especially severe toil, namely—standing all day long. My professional brethern, who practice largely among women, are constantly witnessing the terrible consequences of this most cruel "rule of the establishment.'"

Advertising Philosophy.

In business it is he who asks who receives.

Good advertisers find that it pays to keep a full stock.

The best "poster" is that which is sent regularly into the family circle.

"How can I tell whether my advertisement will attract or not?" Try it.

Have you ever heard a business man say that advertising did not pay him?

The advertiser generally has the advantage of securing the first call of purchasers.

"My goods advertise themselves." Perhaps your goods know more than you do.

When people learned to read, advertisements became indispensable to a lively business.

"What's the use of my advertising; I have been here for twenty years," Tell people so. That is advertising.

A wise man will get people into the habit of believing in his advertisements, by making their offers good.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that few who have learned how to advertise their business, ever give up the habit.

Your advertisements are read after your store is closed, and are often perused before it is opened in the morning.

To do business with the aid of advertising has the same advantage as to make war with rifled guns; it hits at long range.

Many people who have not advertised and who say that they "do not believe in it," forget how little it costs to make a trial.

We plant and the crop grows; but we do not harvest it until the end of the season. Most people look too soon for the effects of advertising.

"Why is advertising like the religion of a camp-meeting?" "Because it is good to all in-tents; and purposes to make you known of all men."

Smith says he sells all his stock without advertising. But why not buy more than he can sell and advertise it? It is the first step to a great business.

A polite invitation often reiterated brings callers. As it costs something to keep up the invitations, it is worth while to treat the visitors well.

"Good wine needs no bush, and my goods need no advertising." Good wine needs no bush, but how are people to know that yours is "good wine."

The advertiser has "the bird in hand" in his regular trade; his newspaper announcement give him also a fair chance for the "two in the bush."

Where would you look to find the names of the most successful men you are acquainted with? In the newspapers? Is your own name beside theirs?

Englishmen are often surprised at the rapidity with which fortunes are made by Americans. In America advertising is more widely understood.

Men cannot lay aside advertising who have once made a judicious use of it. It becomes a legitimate part of their business, built into its very foundations.

Often "he who runs may read," but oftener he is not able to read while running. Put your advertisement in a newspaper rather than on the fence.

"How shall I write the best sort of an advertisement to attract people to my store?" Write one similar to those which most attract you to other people's stores.

Children in School.

"Is one sex more liable than the other to suffer in health from attendance on school?"—is the question put by the Massachusetts Board of Health, says an exchange, and answered by 160 correspondents, of whom 115 were physicians, 19 physicians and members of school committees, 14 experienced teachers, and 6 superintendents of schools. Many more than 19 of the physicians had served on school committees, and several of the physicians had taught scho l while acquiring their education in colleges and medical schools. The first correspondents of the above 160 gave as the result of their observations that females were more liable than males; 31, that both were alike liable; and one, that males were more liable than females. Some thought that study, with girls, should at times wholly cease for some days. Irregularity in attendance at school is more frequent with girls than boys. Nine-tenths of the correspondents answered that the liability of the girls to suffer in health from attendance at school increased after the ages of 12. Up to the 13th year identical co-education is hygienically safe with a very cautious use of emulation. After that age, identical co-education of the sexes is attended with injury to the health of some girls and danger to the health of all. To the question whether the injury was most likely to fall on the osseous, respiratory, digestive, or nervous system, 95 answered that the nervous system was most liable to suffer, 14 the nervous and respiratory, and 15 the digestive and nervous. Preparatory study out of school is not favored. 100 are averse to it in the case of all children who have not reached the high school, 79 oppose it in all circumstances, and only 20 favor it. The paper, all through, casts serious doubt on the propriety of subjecting young girls to the restrictions and course of study which the co-education of the sexes involves, and so far fully sustains the position of Dr. Clarke and others.

Sermon of an Indian Preacher.

At a recent Sunday-school anniversary meeting in Montreal, one of the speakers, a missionary, described the work and prospects of the Sunday-school society among the Indians, and referring to a gathering of the latter for religious services, gave the following account of the sermon:

One of the Indian preachers, stripping his shoulders to show that he had thrown off all deceit, stood up and said that he had had a vision. He said the Great Spirit made first the sun, which took him a week. He then rested. He went to work again and made the moon, and then as it had nothing to shine on, our mother—the earth. Then he created the buffalo, the greatest gift to his people. After this came the red men. He put them here and said, "You stay there." He then created a little island and put the pale faces on it and said, "You stay there;" but they had so much fire in their bones they couldn't stay there, and had to go everywhere, and crossed the water and came here. The Great Spirit must have put them in a bad country, or they would have stayed in it. They had no business to cross the big lake at all, but they have come here and have got to stay here, and I've got to tell you we had better let them alone.

The Asiatic Famine.

It is estimated that the people who have fallen victims to the famine in Asia Minor number over 150,000. As an instance of the terrible devastation among the cattle and flocks, it is stated that in one village out of more than 1,000 sheep and goats, just one sheep and one goat remain, and of 100 cows, two remain. In another, from a flock of 1,200 sheep and goats, eight are reported; and from another flock in the same village, numbering 800, of which 700 are mohair goats, the same number, eight, is reported.

A Frightful Scourge.

The recent reports of the Board of Health of New York show alarming figures in regard to diphtheria. Old and young are in danger, but more especially children between the age of four and fifteen.

The causes of diphtheria are chiefly want of proper nourishment, pure air, etc. Dr. Trousseau says of the disease: "When I saw diphtheria prevailing as an epidemic in Tours I thought that the position of the city, which is situated in the midst of a valley watered by two rivers, had some influence upon the development of the disease, and I attributed, like almost everybody else, the cause of this formidable affection to cold, and especially to humidity; but on glancing over historical documents I soon became convinced that these supposed local causes could be considered at most only as accessories, and after I had myself made some statistical and comparative observations in four departments where the disease had presented itself in an epidemic form and was dreadfully destructive, I became certain that diphtheria did not depend either on seasons or localities. Thus, in some towns remarkable for their salubrity, diphtheria raged with excessive violence, while some villages situated in the midst of marshes remained exempt from the scourge. It must be admitted that misery, if not an exclusive condition, was at least rather an ordinary one of the development of diphtheria, for it was evident that the epidemic seized upon the poor inhabitants in preference to those who were in easy circumstances. Contagion performs the principal part in the propagation of diphtheria, and it is nearly sufficient for a patient attacked with diphtheria to come into a family in order that the disease should develop itself in all its forms."

It is evident from the above and the statistics of the Board of Health, that the best preventives to this disease are cleanliness, frequent bathing, pure air and good, wholesome food. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the danger of diphtheria, but what renders it especially dangerous is the rapidity with which it may attack large surfaces, as well as the mechanical obstacles which it may offer to one of the most important functions of life and the obstinacy with which it resists the therapeutial resources which generally modify other inflammations. Thus, although it is generally not very dangerous to the skin, it becomes so when it attacks the mouth and the nasal fossæ, but it is most frequently fatal when it attacks the pharynx, and, unless it is immediately attended to, it scarcely ever spares the patient when it has once reached the larynx and the bronchial tubes.

A Terrible Time of It.

They have a new hired girl over at Keyser's farm, just outside our town, says Max Adeler, and on Tuesday, before starting to spend the day with a friend, Mrs. Keyser instructed the girl to whitewash the kitchen during her absence. Upon returning, Mrs. Keyser found the job completed in a very satisfactory manner. On Wednesdays Mrs. Keyser always churns, and last Wednesday when she was ready she went out, and, finding that Mr. Keyser had already put the milk into the churn she began to turn the handle. This was at eight o'clock in the morning, and she turned until ten without any signs of butter appearing. Then she called in the hired man and he turned until dinner time, when he knocked off with some very offensive language addressed to that butter which had not yet come. After dinner the hired girl took hold of the crank and turned it energetically until two o'clock, when she let go with a remark which conveyed the impression that she believed the churn to be haunted. Then Mr. Keyser came out and said he wanted to know what was the matter with that churn, anyhow. It was a good enough churn if people only knew enough to work it. Mr. Keyser then worked the crank until half-past three, when, as the butter had not come, he surrendered it again to the hired man because he had an engagement in the village. The man ground the machine to an accompaniment of frightful imprecations; then the Keyser children each took a turn for half an hour, then Mrs. Keyser tried her hand, and when she was exhausted she again enlisted the hired girl, who said her prayers while she turned. But the butter didn't come. When Keyser came home and found the churn still in action he blasted his eyes and did some other innocent swearing, and then he seized the handle and said he'd make the butter come if he kicked up an earthquake in doing it. Mr. Keyser effected about two hundred revolutions of the crank a minute, enough to have made any ordinary butter come from the ends of the earth; and when the perspiration began to stream from him and still the butter didn't come, he uttered one wild yell of rage and disappointment and kicked the churn over the fence. When Mrs. Keyser went to pick it up she put her nose down close to the buttermilk and took a sniff. Then she understood how it was. The girl had mixed the whitewash in the churn and left it there. A good, honest and intelligent servant who knows how to churn can find a situation at Keyser's. There is a vacancy.

Cure for Drunkenness.

There is a curious prescription in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The recipe came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the steamship Great Eastern. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his utmost efforts to regain himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquors, although he had for many years been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many have been assisted to reform, is as follows: "Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 grains; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm; to be taken twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partly supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

Sold.

A man named Telter purchased a saloon on Michigan avenue, Detroit, and the other day while he was alone, a man entered, looked around and said: "I am an escaped convict from Jackson, and I want to be arrested and sent back. Go and get a policeman, and it will be $20 in your pocket." Telter didn't wait to ask any questions, but as he saw the man sit down he put on his hat and ran to the nearest station, while the "convict" put two boxes of cigars under his arm and went out at the back door. Mr. Telter saw through the little joke when he got back, and he says he can't be fooled again.

THE IRON MASK.

A Mysterious Episode in French History.

It was at the fort upon Ste. Marguerite Island, from which Bazaine recently escaped, that the Man of the Iron Mask was imprisoned. This mysterious personage, who has often inspired the imagination of the dramatist and romancer, still remains an enigma to history. In 1686 an unknown person from the Castle Pignerol, where he had been confined since the day following the death of Mazarin in 1662, was taken to Ste. Margurite by St. Mars, who had just been appointed Governor of that island.

"This unknown prisoner," says Voltaire, "was above the ordinary height, young and of a most distinguished appearance." On the way he wore a

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Nov. 26, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*

Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

"Now let the Democrats bring on their three dollars a day and plenty of work for everybody." Such is an item in the Clinton Republican, and we beg leave to say to our neighbor that the democrats made no such foolish promise to the common laborer, besides, our party is not in power, we only have swept the lower house, the senate and executive being in our way yet, and when these are cleaned out, then, and then only, dare you look for better things than we have under radical rule. People must not be led into the false belief that the democrats are ruling now by virtue of their recent victories; there must be another sweep before we can effect any real good.

The Patriot talks right, when it says:

None but the brave deserve the fair, and none but the workers in the party deserve the offices. Away with your parlor politicians, your dilettante, kid-gloved, blue blooded pretenders to statesmanship who wait until the active, zealous and untiring work of others wins the battle and then are in at the death to claim the victor's wreath. They are about now, bowing and scraping and smirking and smiling, busy in puffing their own claims to greatness and disparaging and vilifying those who fought in the thickest of the fight and who happen to stand in the way of their ambition. No party can afford to set aside its workers and give its offices and honors to such creatures.

We will see what we will see. The recent radical rout has brought out a promise from them on the one hand, to use the present session of congress —which is their last, and has ninety days duration—to do some astonishingly good things for the country, and like a well-whipped urchin, who had misbehaved, they promise now to be good boys, and "not do it again." On the other hand there is prospect for a little unpleasantness among them—between Grant and his office holders, and the radical congress and its backers; Grant says he is not responsible for the terrible defeat, and that it is all owing to the blunders made by congress. The radical congressmen throw the cause upon Grant, his extravagance, nepotism, imbecility, and the corruptions of the men under him. Viewing this thing impartially and from an outside standpoint, we think they are only telling the truth upon each other. Grant's charges against the radical congress are true—for it did nothing but blunder all along, and the charges of the congress party against the White-house crew are also well-founded, for his administration has all the sins upon its back charged above, and a vast deal more. Congress and the administration have been doing badly, very badly, and the country intends the late defeat as a rebuke to both.

Now then, when they promise to do better things in the three months session that yet remains to them, it is equivalent to an admission that in the last fourteen years they have willfully refused to do what was right and what was their sacred duty, and hence their guilt is all the deeper. Fourteen years they have tormented the country, brought upon it ruin and disaster, and now promise to fix it all right in a short session of three months! and then only because they were whipped into it, and not of their own free will.

Had the people continued to endorse them at the polls, the same blunders and wrongs would have gone on for the next fourteen years, had it been possible for the country to survive their rule any longer.

The next three months will show their incompetency as much as have the years of the past. They have dragged the country into the mire, and are unable to extricate it. It will need a new set of men to do it.

We learn from the Bellefonte papers of last week that there is some talk of having a new paper in that place. Can the Republican tell "why"? Anything rotten in Denmark that needs an honest and upright organ to purify it, and to oppose rings and office seekers, eh?

We can't put this question to the "other side of the house," upon the principle in law that the culprit can not be made to testify against himself.

There are those now pretending to rejoice over the recent democratic victories who were plotting before the election to defeat the party. This reminds us of the fight the woman had with the bear, and when she had killed bruin, the old man sneaked out from his hiding place, telling the folks, "We did it."

THE NEW YORK STRIKES.

The Tribune of 21 says;

The three strikes in this city are all virtual failures. For every man who quits work there are ten idle ones eager to take his place at any sort of wages. It may be some days yet before the strikers clearly see the mistakes into which they have been led by blind leaders. But then it may be found that the vacant places are permanently filled. We have a hard winter before us, with less to encourage employers than in any season for the past ten or twelve years. Every trade is full of unemployed workmen. There are two idle men standing ready and anxous to take every place that shall be made vacant, and the question with thousands is not just how high wages they can get, but whether they can get any wages at all. Employers are often in an equally hard case, and the question with them is not whether they can afford to pay the present wages, but whether they can afford to pay any wages. To refuse offered work and inaugurate strikes in such a season is madness.

Reduction of the State Debt.

The state of Pennsylvania now levies indirect taxes for state purposes amounting to seven millions of dollars. Out of this sum the necessary appropriations in round figures are for

Interest on debt	$1,500,000
Common schools	1,000,000
Soldier's orphan schools	400,000
Miscellaneous expenses of government	2,000,000
	$4,900,000

This leaves a balance in the treasury to be applied to the centennial appropriation and the reduction of the state debt of $2,100,000. The centennial appropriation of one million dollars cannot be paid in larger amounts than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year. At the present rate of taxation and expenditure therefore there would be in the state treasury a million and three quarters of dollars applicable to the payment of the principle of the state debt. This estimate will be found to be not far out of the way being based on the present extravagant rate of expenditure under republican management.

The point to which we wish to direct attention is the unnecessarily large amount applied to the payment of the principal of the state debt. In such pinching times as the taxpayers of Pensylvania are now experiencing why should they be called upon to pay a million and a half of dollars more than is required yearly for this purpose? The people of the state and the state itself are integral. What is gained by the state in interest money cut off by the payment on the principal of the public debt is lost to individual taxpayers, and more also, for the money is worth a larger per cent. per annum to taxpayers than the state pays or saves.

We throw aside as unworthy argument the electioneering quibble that the people pay no state taxes because the state collects its taxes through intermediary agencies. Every dollar of the seven millions in one shape or another comes out of the people of Pensylvania. We suspect that investigation would demonstrate that our indirect system allows an undue percentage of the tax to be wrenched from the earnings of labor. But laying aside all side questions, what defense is there for the policy of taking up our bonds before they are due? Two things are accomplished by this kind of financial management. It affords scope for demagogical appeals to the people in consequence of a supposed financial ability connected with paying money solemnly appropriated to the use of the sinking fund twenty years ago and which cannot be honestly applied to any other purpose; and keeps a large balance in the state treasury.

The revenues originally appropriated to the sinking fund were at that time only adequate to the payment of the interest on the debt and three or four hundred thousand dollars yearly of the principal. But these sources of revenue have so swelled in aggregate that we are rapidly reducing the debt when we can ill afford to spare the money. Why would it not be wise to either repeal some of the sinking fund taxes or reduce them all equitably? This is the true way to cut down the treasury balance and strike at one source of corruptions in state affairs. This policy accompanied by proper reductions of appropriations, and an economy of expenditure such as the financial state of the country demands, would reduce the aggregate of taxation by two millions of dollars. A reduction of that amount would be no inconsiderable benefit to the people at large who are entitled to that thrift in state affairs which they are obliged to exersise in their private affairs.

WHAT CAMERON THINKS OF IT.

A Washington dispatch of 11th, says: Senator Simon Cameron is in town. He thinks the Republican party is to blame for the recent Democratic victory. The party as a whole was too sure of success and bragged too much of its perfect organization and the inability of any outside party to break up that organization. The Senator denies with considerable force the truth of President Grant's statement that Congress was wholly responsible for this great disaster to the Republican party, and thinks, if the President is correctly reported, he is entirely wrong in his assertion. The Senator, in alluding to the defeat of his party, says that he does not know what Congress will do at its next session to retrieve the errors of the past, but is sorely afraid that the party next session may commit worse errors than ever before. Pennsylvania, he believes, will get its Republican Governor back again at the next election, and in the next Presidential contest he believes the State will come up to her usual Republican majorities.

SEVENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE OUT OF EMPLOYMENT IN NEW YORK—ST. JOHN'S GUILD APPEAL FOR AID.

At least seventy thousand people are out of employment in this city. In many of the poorer quarters whole families are without the barest necessaries of life, and in others they subsist wholly upon the charity of neighbors, themselves illy provided against the long seige that famine will lay at their doors, or upon a credit from the grocer they cannot long hope to maintain. While the men of these families are searching hopelessly for employment, the women are being incessantly dunned for grocers' and butchers' bills and the landlords for rent. Hundreds gather at the Guild doors daily, clamoring for food, and to-day the treasury of the Guild, even to the reserve fund, is exhausted. An urgent appeal for aid is made by the volunteers, who are able to care for all the helpless ones in the city if they can only receive an instant and hearty support from those who have food, clothing, and money to give and are generous. The volunteers of St. John's Guild have councils, sewing societies, and physicians in every ward. They are ready to open (rent and attendance free) six relief offices in different and widely separated districts. They give prepared food to those who have no home or facilities for cooking. They can visit every poor family from the Battery to the Harlem River inside of twenty-four hours. They do not ask any public fund one cent for salaries or office rent. They are prompt, efficient, and discriminating in discharging their public trust. The necessities are urgent and demand immediate action. Contributions may be sent to any of the following gentlemen:

Here follow the names of a large number of the prominent citizens of New York.

THE PRESIDENT FOR HARD MONEY.

Washington, November 16.—The President has made up his mind to take a decided stand in favor of the resumption of specie payments. In his forthcoming annual message it is understood that he will recommend Congress to perfect legislation for specie resumption, and favor specifically some date, several years hence, on which the Government should resume. He does not suggest any plan of his own, but believes that legislation can be devised by which the Government can resume in 1876.

A few days ago, in a conversation which Representative Bass, of New York, held with him, the President adhered to the views expressed in his veto message last spring against inflation and in support of a sound currency, and at the same time was very desirous that the Republican party before it lost its power in Congress should take a positive course in favor of resumption. This will bring the inflation element in Congress to a test, and undoubtedly force an issue with several of the Republican leaders in both houses.

At Mobile, as at New Orleans, the election rejoicings developed rare evidences of loyalty. The Stars and Stripes were dragged out from corners where they had been hidden for many years, and the people cheered the flag with hearty enthusiasm. Colored citizens were mingled with whites in the procession, and great pains were taken to assure the negroes of kind treatment, as many of them had been badly frightened by the falsehoods of the campaign.

The divinity of progress is sleepless. The magic creatures of inventive genius and the force of pioneer energy have, during the past twenty years especialy, planted over areas of wilderness, and set up infinite hives of population and laboratories of industry the world over. The active instinct of progress—commercial progress—with an elastic policy, coupled with the use of railroads, steamships, telegraphs, labor-saving machines, and the general use of bills of exchange, was never more marked nor apparent than at the present time. According to a statistical authority, the eleven leading commercial nations of the globe —namely, Great Britain, United States, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, and Sweden—have nearly doubled their commerce in less than two decades. The total foreign commerce of these eleven countries, in 1855, was $4,241,700,000; in 1872 the total foreign commerce of these countries was $9,276,000,000. This shows an increase of 118.5 per cent. The population in the same countries in 1855 was 271,443,000; in 1872 it was 311,620,000, Increase in seventeen years, 14.7 per cent. Foreign commerce *per capita* of population, 1855, $15.62; in 1872, $29.75. Increase *per capita* in seventeen years, $14.14, or 90 per cent. The same authority observes that, while these representative nations have been increasing in population faster than the average of the world, the growth of accumulation has exceeded it, but attributed this growth mainly to the application of steam to machinery in various forms, and facilitated the division of labor, and in numerous other ways has made each laborer stand for a greatly enchanced amount of production.

London, Nov. 5.—The chief authorities of the Church have decided to hold the great International Catholic Congress in London, with the object of maintaining the doctrine of the Papel infallibility, reasserting the Pope's right to temporal as well as spiritual power, and proclaiming it the bounden duty of all Christians to return to allegiance to Rome. It is stated this determination is the result of direct instructions from the Vatican, and some of the highest dignitaries of the Church will attend the Congress. Archbishop Manning, in a speech at Westminster, admitted that the spiritual influence of the Pope had greatly increased since the loss of his temporalities. If arbitration was ever to supersede war the Pope would be the only authorized arbitrator. The Catholic world was threatened with a controversy on the decrees of the Œcumenical Council. There was undoubtedly approaching one of the mightiest contests the religious world had ever seen; therefore it was necessary to fearlessly assert through the free press of England the Pope's rights, and his pretensions to world-wide allegiance.

London, November 7.—Hon. Mr. Gladstone has issued an anti-papal manifesto, in which he declares the dogma of papal infallibility to be totally inconsistent with good citizenship. He says: "The Catholic emancipation act was passed under the belief that the Catholic would give his allegiance to the queen, but it is now known that his first allegiance is to the pope."

The manifesto denies that the pope gains converts among the people. His conversions are among the rich. It says "He may control acres, but cannot control the heart af the poor." The manifesto refers to the religious condition of Ireland, and says; "Under recent legislation all that was due to Ireland has been paid. Hence forth the country will be treated without reference to Catholicism."

The document has caused a great sensation, and is the leading topic in religious circles.

THE CARLIST DEFEAT BEFORE IRUN—HEAVY LOSSES OF THE ROYALISTS.

Paris, Nov. 12.—The following despatch from Bayonne to-day confirms the report received last night from Hendaye of the defeat of the Carlists before Irun;

The Carlists, under command of Don Carlos, have been defeated before Irun and compelled to raise the siege of that town.

Don Carlos and his troops retreated into the mountains.

The final engagement between the Republicans and the Carlists was of a sanguinary character. Two hundred Republicans were wounded.

Gen. Loma ocupies Oyarzun.

Gen. Laserna has entered Larcamburo.

THE CARLIST LOSSES.

Madrid, November 12 —The loss of the Carlists in the engagement near Irun was heavy. When they retreated they succeeded in carrying off their guns. It is believed they will return to Estella. The Government has received intelligence that Gen. Laserna has entered Irun.

New York has the small pox, and has just recovered from diphtheria.

Michigan has given 36,000 for woman suffrage and 126,000 against it.

In Washington the mixed schools wont be had, as it appears from recent transactions of the board. The blacks are to receive their share of the funds for schools of their own.

THE RINGS IN WASHINGTON

PREPARATIONS OF RADICAL RINGMEN FOR UNSCRUPULOUS JOBBERY.

Washington, November 10.—The consternation bred by the Democratic victories steadily deepens among office-holders here. They see and feel that their hold upon legislation has been seriously loosened, and they begin to fear that they may lose it altogether. Hence they are preparing to rush all the jobs possible during the next session of Congress, which they fear may be thier last chance. Bills are now being drafted in every department, to be introduced by confederate Republican members and pushed with all possible haste to passage, which will secure all the appropriations and privileges desired by the various bureau rings, not only for the present fiscal year, but for two years ahead, in the hope that thus the rings may tide over the retrenching efforts of a Democratic House. The resident members of the lobby, whose name is legion, are bestiring themselves with might and main to effect the intrigues and form the combinations needful to the success of their schemes. The agents of the salt, copper, wool, pig-iron, and other tariff rings are in secret consultation about a new tariff, since a Democratic House is likely to check their roguerles after March 4. The swarm of railroad, canal, river, and harbor "improvements" and public building jobs that last session proposed to eat up more than practicable retrenchments could save, and thus to increase debt and taxation while retrenchmeut was loudly professed—that were defeated by exposure of their nature and effects —have not been abandoned, but postponed till next session. Next December they will be backed by a numerous and eager lobby, for the traditional Democratic policy of leaving all such improvements to be made and managed by business men on business principles does not encourage them to hope for much government hereafter. Tom Scott's and Jay Cooke's agents are on the ground, plotting to carry vast subsidies to the Southern and Northern Pacific Railroads, and the carrion crows generally are cawing notes of alarm and distress, because they see a short allowance of plunder in the future and because there is too little even now to divide it satisfactorily among them. The session is likely to be a carnival of desperate and furious intrigue and free booting.

The Rings in the department are agast and furious. So completely taken aback, and so completely unscrupulous are they that they are likely to stop at nothing to save themselves from exposure, disgrace, and removal. Fraud and corruption abound throughout the executive branch of the Government, and these men know that the principal work of the Democratic House will be to appoint committees of fearless and skilful men who invystigate in all directions, not for the purpose of whitewashing, like Poland's Credit Mobilier Committee, but to probe deep and drag to the light, the corruptions of the past thirteen years. They know that the disclosures which these investigations may make will eclipse all yet known to the people and will rouse a righteous wrath that will drive them from place and power. Hence they are likely to resort to almost any means for defeating the coming investigations. There is good reason to believe that by the first Monday in December 1875, the records of the Government will largely disappear. This need not be deemed improbable; such cases have already occurred, notably that of the record of the court martial held to try General D. C. Buell. During Mr. Chase's administration of the Treasury a considerable part of the records vanished. The covers of the ledgers, &c., were found on examination to be empty, and the story was put afloat that a negro messenger had cut the contents and sold them for waste paper. Other records were found to be so disfigured with pencil scratches and other alterations that they had become wholly unreliable. Large masses of them are stored in poor outbuildings, slightly guarded, and far from fire-proof.

FLORIDA.

STUPENDOUS FRAUDS ATTEMPTED BY THE RADICALS.

Bagdad, Nov. 16.—We have gotten through with three days excitement on account of frauds attempted by the Canvassing Board of Election Returns. They made returns giving the Radical candidates for the Legislature a majority of two votes. The citizens of Milton and the adjoining county rose in arms and demanded a recanvass, which resulted in giving the Conservative candidate 121 majority. All business was suspended for three days. Everything is quiet now.

HORRIBLE MURDERS IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL REGIONS.

SIX MEN MURDERED.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., November 17.—The reign of lawlessness in the coal regions appears to be continually growing worse, caused perhaps by the fact that most of the perpetrators of the assaults and murders escape capture and punishment. At Carbondale on Saturday night or Sunday morning last two men were murdered and three severely assaulted, one of whom will probably die. Patrick Padden, a miner at the Coalbrook colliery, was found upon Dundoff street, in that city, on Sunday morning, with two bullet-holes in his head and badly pounded about the body. His head was frozen to the ground, the hair having dragged in a pool of blood and water which had congealed. He was not quite dead when found, but expired in the afternoon. He had quarrelled with some parties on Saturday afternoon.

Michael McNally was found dead the same morning upon the railroad bridge, near the lookout in the same city. He was about twenty years of age, and had evidently been put there.

Michael Begland was found about the same time with his throat cut. He was dressed in an old suit of miners' clothing. When last seen on Saturday night he had on a suit of good clothes. He is still alive, and will probably recover.

A boss at the Erie breaker was waylaid on Saturday night and had his arm broken and received other injuries, but escaped with his life. His name has not been ascertained. About two miles below the city, at the Carbondale Mines, a man, whose name is not yet known, was found nailed to a beam in a lonely unfrequented place. Strong nails were driven through his coat at the wrists, and his pantaloons at the ancles, and in that position he was undoubtedly left to die, but by a mere accident was found and released.

At Scranton, on Sunday morning, a newsboy found the body of Michael Kearney lying at the foot of a steep embankment. He was dead and had evidently been thrown there.

A negro testified at the Coroner's inquest that he heard cries of murder on Saturday night, and saw a crowd of men beating some one, and finally carry the body towards this embankment

No arrests have yet been made in any of the above cases.

TERRIBLE TORNADO IN ALABAMA.

NEARLY HALF A TOWN IN RUINS.

FOURTEEN PERSONS KILLED

Nashville, Nov. 23.—A terrible storm occurred at Tuscumbia, Alabama, last evening, destroyed one third of the residences, killing twelve persons, and injuring many others, Mrs. William Winston, mother of the late Governor Winston; the wife and two children of Hon. John B. Moore, senator from this district; F. D. Hodgskins, esq., editor of the Chronicle, his wife and four children, were killed.

The Catholic church, Dishler female institute, recently finished, many of the finest residences, both of the flouring mills, and the most substantial brick dwellings in town were destroyed. Many poor families are without homes. A bridge on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, near the town, was destroyed and the eastern bound train was precipitated into Spring creek. Fortunately no one was killed. The engineer was badly burned.

Selma, Ala., Nov. 23.—A terrible storm visited Mortevalle, fifty six miles north of Selma last night. Twelve or fifteen houses were destroyed two persons were killed. Fifteen or twenty were wounded some seriously.

Several bands of Carlists in Northern Spain have solicited amnesty. The Carlists have returned to Irun.

The Government of Saxony has forbidden the practice of cremation.

News from Venezuela is to the effect that the whole country has risen against President Guzman Blanco.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the World."

Harper's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The ever-increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its continued adaptation to popular desires and needs. Indeed, when we think into how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it as one of the educators as well as entertainers of the public mind, for its great popularity has been won by no appeal to stupid prejudices or depraved tastes.—*Boston Globe.*

The character which this Magazine possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, and literary culture that has kept pace with, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitles them to a great claim upon the public gratitude. The Magazine has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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$4 00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

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An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy; postage free.

Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.

A Complete Set of Harper's Magazine, now comprising 49 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for $2 25 per volume. Single Volume, by mail, postpaid, $3 00. Cloth cases, for binding, 58 cts., by mail, postpaid.

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"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times"—"The best, cheapest and most successful Family Paper in the Union."

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ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The Weekly is the ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical published in this country. Its editorials are scholarly and convincing, and carry much weight. Its illustrations of current events are full and fresh, and are prepared by our best designers. With a circulation of 150,000, the Weekly is read by at least half a million persons, and its influence as an organ of opinion is simply tremendous. The Weekly maintains a position, and expresses decided views on political and social problems.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Its articles are models of high-toned discussion, and its pictorial illustrations are often corroborative arguments of no small force.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Its papers upon existing questions and its inimitable cartoons help to mould the sentiments of the country.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

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The seven volumes of Harper's Bazar, for the years 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, elegantly bound in green morocco cloth, will be sent by express, freight prepaid, for $7 00 each.

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"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction."

Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The Bazar is edited with a contribution of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal; and the journal itself is the organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Bazar commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by doll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for the children's clothes, to *paterfamilias* by its tasteful designs for embroidered slippers and luxurious dressing-gowns. But the reading-matter of the Bazar is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TERMS:

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HARPER'S BAZAR, one year, $4 00
$4 00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

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It is now proposed to tunnel the Alps at another point, namely at the famous Mont St. Bernard, the piercement to the about 6380 yards long, the tunnel to be constructed in four sections by means of side galleries, so that the work may be completed in three or four years, these galleries to remain open afterward for ventilation and other uses. A peculiar feature in this work is the contemplated establishment of a station within the tunnel by widening a suitable area of the level central portion. One of the objects which has led to this singular plan is that, possibly for economy's sake, two light trains which had made the ascent separately, might be joined together for the descent on the other side. It is also argued that with such an arrangement, many travelers in the summer season would be glad to attain the summits of the grand St. Bernard by the inclined passages afforded by this arrangement, and at the mouths of which stations for refreshments and even for lodging might be provided.

Engineering skill two thousand years ago was not less remarkable than that of today, if our belief in the comparative lack of knowledge of the mechanic arts in those days is well founded. Excavations made a short distance from Rome near the ancient city of Alatri, by Father Secchi, have disclosed the ruins of an immense aqueduct built two thousand years ago, for the purpose of supplying Alatri with water from a neighboring mountain. The aqueduct was 240 feet high supported upon arches, and provided with strong pipes. The total length of the pipe was between four and five miles. No remains of the pipe have been found, but it is supposed that they were made of fire clay and supported by masonry, as pipes of fire clay used for drainage have been found, in a field near Alatri.

THE SUFFERING IN THE GRASSHOPPER DISTRICTS.

Omaha, November 17.—The weather today has been very cold with high winds. The news from the grasshopper districts are meagre but confirm all of the previous statements as to the extent of the suffering. The state relief society are shipping supplies to the affected districts daily. A general order was received by telegraph from Washington to-day, instructing him to ascertain what amount of men's clothing will be needed by the sufferers. It is hoped this action of the secretary of war looks to the distribution of soldiers garments to these suffering people.

GOD'S GIFT TO THE WORLD.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix preached at Trinity Church Sabbath morning. His text was the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of St. John: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

It is in the midst, said he, of the most august of those rites of the Christian religion which were received from Christ and His apostles that those words are rehearsed in the ears of God's children. They show forth the height of love, and the debth of renunciation, and the grandest triumph to which man can attain. In the midst of the most sacred solemnities before the Christian altar, which is a memorial to all ages, we hear the words of the text repeated over us. These are no common words upon the symbol of things that no child of God can forget. To the thoughtful Christian that statement comes with wonderful breadth and power. It presents no flattering picture of the world and its estate, representing it as doomed to perish, and all things belonging to it as appointed to pass away. On the first to be recognized of all facts, the passing away of the earth and earthly things, it is that religion rests. It knows of the vanities of life and of the emptiness of the world that throws men on religion for support. When men are living as if there were to be no change, they do not care for religion, and they make no profession of it. The first impulse toward safety is the warning when we hear the smell of death and decay behind all sounds and under all things about us. The wisest are they who feel deeply that their end is near. To these religion brings a message for which their sense of need prepares them.

To the end, then, that we should not perish with a world that is passing away, God gives His only begotten Son. How terrible is it when great worlds like these of the text lose their power over the heart. This is the sum and acme of all wonders ever seen or heard, but we have heard these words so often that they seem almost as dead as our own consciences. They have not lost their power, but we have allowed the flame in our hearts to smolder down to ashes. The gift of our Savior is the greatest ever given to man; greater than life, greater than creation, and the preservation of life is the gift of redemption. Why do we need the Savior? Some say that He is not. Where is the proof to thy own soul that He is reality to thee? The last and real proof that the Son of God has come lies in the hearts of those who need Him. Other evidences there are of history and testimony, but religion has no constraining arguments. It leads and does not compel or force into acceptance. The place of Christ is sure and everlasting in the distresses, the needs, and the longings of mankind. It seems that Christ must have come, so great is the need of Him. He goes in and out, ministering to all persons, a mysterious, marvelous spiritual power. The words of the text give to honest souls and tender spirits the key to the darker side of life and human affairs. Many charge God foolishly, and a few say there is no God. Far greater is the number of those who sadly involve the gloomy elements in the world and seek explanation of those things which are darkest and seek in vain, because they try to investigate those things which cannot be fruitfully investigated by man, and will not accept what of hope and explanation is held out to them. The statement of the text saves us from perplexity and dispair. It shows the light beyond the shadows. However impossible it may seem at times to make any harmony out of the discords of life, still we hold to the conviction that otherwise the law of love is in some way to work. Though no one can show clearly how it is at work in many things, we hold fast to that faith and will not fear although the world be moved and we confront death and sorrow without apprehension. Over, in and through all is the great vital power of charity, making the crooked ways straight, and bending all things to good. The world decayeth and waxeth old. Lest we should perish with it God sent His Son. How shall we receive the benefits of that great redeeming act? The great question is, if our faith is full, clear, and strong enough to gain the benefits of God's gift? Only those who have faith, who lay hold on the promises of God have a future, for what future is it to perish? Faith is emphatically an act; no languid emotion, no lulling or moral consciouness to sleep; it is more than acquiescence in some formal proposition which one cares about too little to dispute it, more than the repetition of mechanical phrases. True faith is built up in the mind which school themselves to submission to a greater, wiser mind, which they are not afraid to admit is greater and wiser than they. In the intellect faith works reliance and trust and the readiness to trust in dogmas which cannot be proved. In the heart faith works gratitude to God for what He has done, and tenderness toward men because the same God has been merciful to all. For the reward of faith the servants of the Lord have an inheritance which passes not away. The seed of life is in them. They have a noble future before them. A glorious and immortal life shall, to them spring up out of the dust in which these mortal bodies must sleep for a time.

I have spoken to you to-day in simple words of some of the simplest and most conspicuous truths of our religion. I return to you after months of absence and see your beloved faces full of kindness and friendliness, and feel that it is indeed a good thing to be at home, and in the pleasure of being with you again, I think also of the many blessings that I and mine have received at God's hand, in the manifold mercies youchsafed in a safe passage through perils of the sea, in preservation from dangers of many kinds, and finally I think of and thank Him for the crowning grace of bringing us together again here. Home is the dearest place of all. Thank God that he brings the wanderer home. And at length we are at home after journeying in far lands and among strange nations whose habits of thought differ much from ours, and among whom a feeling of loneliness and strangeness will sometimes rise, when the native land receives its own, and the Church of our love receives us again in her arms, is it not the time to speak to the home-like themes of the love of God and the love of Christ, of redemption and faith? With a heart full of gratitude for blessings unnumbered and undeserved I greet you again, dear brethered, and pray that in unity of faith and simplicity of life we may all reach that life where all things are secure, and so to pass through the things that are temporal as to attain to the things that are eternal.

Judicial District.

The following is the official vote in this judicial district for Add. Law Judge:

	Orvis.	M'Enalley.
Centre	2889	2250
Clinton	2455	1296
Clearfield	2297	1816
Total	8081	5507
Orvis' majority	2574	

20 Congressional District.

The following is the official vote:

	Mackey.	Alexander.
Centre	2556	2553
Clinton	2098	899
Clearfield	2854	1640
Mifflin	1383	1483
Union	1220	1776
Elk	1190	335
Total	12,140	8677
Mackey's majority	3464	

Senatorial District.

The following is the official vote in this senatorial district.

	Wallace.	M'Cormick.
Centre	3003	2157
Clinton	2417	1493
Clearfield	2935	1510
Total	8355	5166
Wallace's majority	3189	

Fall Opening of
Bonnets, Trimmings, Millinery, at
MISS LUCY DEININGER'S,
IN CENTRE HALL,

who has just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of New Bonnets, New Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Cap.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. Oct 29 4t.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—The taxpayers of Potter township are hereby notified that the duplicate of School-tax for the present year is in the hands of the undersigned. All such tax paid on or before December 1st 1874, will have an abatement of 5 per cent. Thirty days after said date there will be no abatement, and on all such tax remaining unpaid after January 1, 1875, there will be an addition of 5 per cent to the amount on duplicate, as prescribed by law.

S. M. SWARTZ, Treas.
10 Sept 3 m.

Miller & Son,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
23oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEAKED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice

VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-ly. Centre Hall.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,
LEVI MURRAY,
at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may16

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware
CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
STOVES.
SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.
This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood, Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,
CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,
Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.
FOR FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES
CLOTHING, OIL CLOTHS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES
QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, &c
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
over brought to Potter twp.
LOWEST CASH PRICES!
Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S
New
Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY NOV. 26, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

——Cold and stormy since Monday night.

——Rev. Leckie has a protracted meeting in progress at Sprucetown.

——Dr. F. H. Van Valzah has changed his residence from Potters Mills, to that of his deceased father, at Spring Mills, where he will in future be found.

——Last Thursday morning, 20, brought us the first regular snow, about two inches in depth, and Johnny Harkins was the first to take a sleigh-ride, to the music of the merry bells.

——Bill Wilson's pike between the Fort and this place needs some touching up to stop grumbling.

——Rain on Monday last, and some old fashioned thunder in the afternoon.

——Sam. Farner, John Miller, and three others whose names we did not learn, took three deer out of the Seven Mountains last week.

——The Rock grove district, in Potter, is to have a new school house. See letting in another column.

——John Bair, of Aaronsburg, is about with his wagon, ready to exchange first-class goods on wool.

——Rev. Miller's new double house on Church street, is up and makes a big appearance. Wm. Curry has added a two-story kitchen to his new house on same street, which is quite an improvement to his property.

——A letter to us from Missouri, says:

Missouri good for another year—notwithstanding the reports that the chintz bug and grasshoppers had destroyed the crops, and that famine was staring us in the face, T. H. Greiband Benj. F. Limbert, formerly of this state, now of Jasper Co., Mo., threshed with their steam separator thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and forty (39840) bushels of wheat in less than two months. The wheat crop of Jasper county this year does not fall short of 600,000 bushels, and if people are suffering it must certainly be for want of something stronger than bread.

——A murder having been commited near Pittsburg, a few days ago, and one of the guilty parties to it calling himself Fredrick Meyers, who has made confession, many in this county are under the impression that this Meyers is Fred. Meyers, formerly from this valley. We wish to correct this. The Meyers above mentioned, in his confession, states that he is from Baden, Germany, and that he worked at trunk-making 16 years. This much of his statement satisfies us that it is not Fred. Meyers, formerly from this valley, who assisted in the murder, as some are led to think because a portion of his confession might answer to him. We give an account of the murder, and Meyers' confession in another column.

——Do you want to get your holiday presents, go to Jas. Welch & Co., next door to 1st Nat. Bank, where you find the finest assortment of toys, fancy articles, albums, needle cases, confectioneries, &c., in Central Penna. Go and see his handsome establishment—its a perfect museum.

——Now is the time when you want to buy coal—the best in market and always kept at the Depot by Shortlidge & Co., dealers also in white lime, Du Pont's powder firebrick, ground fire clay and fertilizers, and always give farmers the best prices for wheat, corn, rye, oats and clover-seed.

——The stage coming up through the valley, in future will start from Woodward in the morning and reach Centre Hall at noon to connect with the stages for Bellefonte. Going down the stage will leave here in the morning as heretofore. This change is owing to the mail not being delivered by the train at Laurelton until 2 p. m., when the stage going west proceeds as far as to Woodward, where it remains until next morning. Passengers from the lower end are thus enabled to go through by stage to Bellefonte the same day.

——We learn that the contract between R. H. Duncan and Messrs Wagner, Wilson &McFarland for the purchase of his valuable property at Spring Mills has fallen through owing to a very slight difference between them—respecting a question of interest—we understand that R. H. Duncan now offers the property to the highest bidder upon condition--as regards terms of payment—much more favorable to a purchaser, than those embodied in the former arrangement. If correctly informed a term of several years can be had to meet instalments and will be sold as a whole or in detail.

——Dr. Mingle, of Millheim, met with a painful accident on last Sunday. As he was driving in a sulky near the factory, he was accidently thrown out, and broke the cheek-bone on the right side of his face. The horse ran away, completely wrecking the sulky.

——Sechler & Co., in Bush House block, do not wish to make a great fuss and blow about their grocery as many do, and then have have nothing to fall back upon. They don't pretend that they sell cheaper and have better goods than anybody else, but they invite farmers and house-keepers generally to call in and see their assortment, embracing everything that belongs to their line, and they give the assurance that their goods will prove satisfactory and as they represent them, and will sell at as low a figure as you can buy groceries from any other party. Anything in the line of canned or dried fruits, coffees, sugars, teas, syrups, queensware, stoneware, &c., a full assortment to supply any want. Go to Sechler's and see before buying else where.

TUTENIC.—One of the Tutens standing near the locomotive when the train stopped, asked the fireman whether they were the fellers that owned the train, and how much a train costs.

The same individual stopped the stage driver on the road and asked him whether he had a letter in the mail bag for him.

Tuten the elder offered to bet the oysters with a young man just graduated that the Arabian Nights stories were all true, and that the 4th of July is celebrated for its being Washington's birth-day.

One of the Tutens has got Hastings to believe that it was Goliath that killed David, the former making it so plausible to the latter by the following reasoning: "D'ye see, Hasty, of course it was Goliath, for he was the biggest, a slappen big feller of nine feet, and David was only a little boy and couldn't stand no chance at all." "Yes, yes," says Hasty, "I see it now, I was mistaken afore 'bout it."

Tuten insists upon it that Shakespeare was once governor of Massachusetts and elected by the republicans, and that his pap voted for him.

Tuten says that the "result of the election shows they did not come down here from Massachusetts for nothing"—the democratic majority has doubled, and they on 'tother side.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

☞Any one wishing to trade a good one horse sleigh on corn, will apply to W. A. Curry, at Centre Hall. 22 Oct 4t.

——There are several crossings in th town that should be made so as to be fit to walk over decently now that the season for mud is coming on—the crossings between the hotel and post-office and at the Ref. church not excepted.

——The Philadelphia Press says there is some talk of building a bridge across the river at Mifflinburg. Mifflinburg is over 10 miles from the river, and that would make it the longest bridge in the world. The Press must have got mixed in its geography.

Centre Co. Bible Society.

On Sunday evening last, the Centre county Bible Society held a public meeting in the Lutheran church of Bellefonte, to which all the different churches were invited, and to which they generally responded by filling up the church so as to necessitate extra seats. After the usual opening by Rev. R. Crittenden, the large audience joined in singing the familiar hymn, "Come Holy Spirit Heavenly Dove," Rev. M. Smyser of the M. E. church, read a portion of Scripture, and led in prayer. "All Hail the Power of Jesus name" was then sung—Rev. Jas. Calder D. D., president of the Society, after announcing the object of the meeting introduced Rev. H. C. Galbraith, the agent of the Society, who gave a very interesting account of his labors in Potter twp., part of Gregg and Harris., having visited in all about sixty-seven families, out of which number he found but three families entirely destitute of the Bible, all of whom he supplied with a copy of the same, he related various incidents occurring during his travels showing the necessity of the work, and commending it favorably to the public. Altogether it was a very satisfactory report impressing the Society with the importance of the work and a determination to push the work more vigorously, being satisfied that their agent, H. C. Galbraith, was doing his work faithfully and successfully. Rev. W. T. Wylie, of the Presbyterian church, spoke briefly and in his usual earnest and interesting style showing the peculiar way and manner of the spread of the Gospel into the Japanese Empire, closing by reading the usual Missionary hymn, which was responded by the audience by rising and singing the same. Rev. M. L. Smyser then spoke in a very feeling and convincing manner in favor of prosecuting the spead of the Gospel through the Bible Society urging that if one soul were redeemed and saved through its influence, it would well repay for all the money and labor expended, after whom Dr. Calder briefly explained the plan proposed by the Society to canvass the borough of Bellefonte to solicit subscriptions for the Society as follows: The borough to be devided into nine districts, and each district to be canvassed by two ladies to be selected from the different churches in the Boro., while Rev. H. C. Galbraith is to continue his work in other portions of the county. The meeting then closed by singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The following are the names of the Executive committee, selected at a former meeting of the Society, viz:

Episcopal Church—		Rev J H W Allen.
"	"	Dr E W Hale.
A. M. E.	"	Rev A A Williams.
"	"	John Welsh.
Lutheran	"	Rev W H Lilly.
"	"	Dr J W Rhone.
Methodist	"	Rev M L Smyser.
"	"	W McClellan.
Presbyterian	"	Rev W T Wylie.
"	"	J L Spangler Esq.
Reformed	"	Rev Hyram King.
Society of Friends		Isaac Miller.
United Brethren		Jeremiah Fasic.
"	"	H. Y. STITZER, Sec'y. C. C. B. S.

For the Reporter.

MR. EDITOR:—Clearfield has boasted of her tournaments through the Raftsmans Journal, and shall not Boalsburg quietly say to you—she has her Nimrods who make the mountains merry with their music, and return heavily ladened with (not squirrels, pheasants and crows,) the beautiful deer. The following Modoc party, Capt. Jack (T. Riley,) Boston Charley (I. J. Condo,) Crowfoot Jim (I. Womer,) Vermont Yankee (O. M. Whipple,) Sneak Punk (Isreal Young,) Jammy (C. Riley,) Big Ingin (S. Baily,) Swift Foot (R. H. Boal,) from our town, equipped with a good tent, cook stove, and plenty of excellent provisions, and in good spirits left for a few days hunt. The score when they returned was six deer—Crowfoot Jim 2, Sneak Punk 1, Jammy 1, Big Ingin 2, and they report that they shot every deer thro' the heart. As we were all venison hungry, Mr. Editor there is none left this time for you. Wait till next time. Yours, H.

For the Reporter.

An Example Worthy of Imitation.

MR. EDITOR.—I find by looking over the old files of the "Democratic Watchman," of January 20th 1859, the following correspondence. In these days of Republican frauds, high salaries and corruption it is worthy of reproduction. Mr. Gilliland was a Democratic member of the Legislature elected from this county in the year 1858, and we have seen but few men any where willing to make similar sacrifice for the benefit of the public. His vote on the general appropriation bill may be found on page 292 of the Journal of the House for 1858, where it was proposed to increase the salary of the members from five to seven hundred dollars. Mr. G. not only opposed the bill but donated his extra compensation to the county. Now my object in this communication is simply that the public may know the facts, it having been circulated that Mr. Gilliland voted for an increase of salary at the time referred to. We have no spirit of complaint to offer, for we can afford to be a little jubilant and generous over Democratic successes. We have rather a long line of retrospection to reach back through fraud and corruption to those far off days of democratic integrity. But that retrospection carries us back to an example worthy of imitation, which I desire to make public. Those days contrast in bold relief with the dishonesty and corruption of the Grant administration, and so the honest men of all parties must have thought by their votes in the late election. But let the correspondence referred to speak for itself.

TREASURERS OFFICE, }
Bellefonte, Jan. 17, 1859. }

Messrs. Seely & Barnhart:—

The following letter from Samuel Gilliland, Esq., making a donation of *two hundred dollars* to Centre county, was received yesterday. As it is a matter in which all our citizens are interested, I deem it right and proper that it should be made public through the press. You will therefore confer a favor by publishing it in the Watchman. ISAAC BUFFINGTON,

BOALSBURG, July 12, 1850.

I. Buffington, Esq.—Dear Sir—Enclosed you will find two hundred dollars which you will please place to the credit of Centre county. I suppose you are aware that when the general appropriation bill of the last session of the Legislature was taken up for consideration, that Mr. Foster, of Allegheny county, offered an amendment authorizing the State Treasurer to pay each member the sum of two hundred dollars in addition to the amount of compensation then allowed by law. I felt it my duty to oppose said amendment (which I did) but it passed both branches of the legislature and became a law.

Accepting a nomination as I did and looking upon that as a contract between my constituents and myself to serve them for the compensation fixed by law at the time of my election, I felt myself conscientiously bound to place any extra compensation I may have received where it will be distributed among those who placed me in a situation to take care of their interest, and as the time has arrived when it can have no political influence in our county, I place it in your possession so that the tax-payers of the county will receive the benefit of it.

Yours Respectfully,
SAMUEL GILLILAND.

THE ELASTIC TRUSS AN ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER offered to the public, with the full assurance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the profession that they would supersede all metal of other instruments in use, for the relief and cure of Hernia. Prolapsus Uteri, and all Abdominal Weaknesses. The great number of radical cures they have effected, fully justify the confident prediction made, and has demonstrated the fact that rupture can be surely cured without suffering or annoyance, and without the danger of incuring Spinal Disease or Paralysis, often caused by the severe pressure of Metal Trusses and Supporters. ZELLER &SON, Druggists, Bellefonte, Sole Agents Aug 27 3m

EUROPE.

Seventeen Persons Drowned.

London, November 20—Morning.—A government cutter was run down and sunk on the Clyde yesterday by another vessel. Seventeen of the crew of the cutter were drowned.

FEARFUL EXPLOSION IN A COAL MINE—FIFTEEN DEAD BODIES BROUGHT OUT.

London, November 20.—A terrible explosion of fire damp occurred to-day in the coal mine at Rotherham, county of York, causing a fearful loss of life. Fifteen of the men have been taken out dead, and many are seriously injured. There is great excitement at the scene of the disaster.

PRISONERS SHOT BY CARLISTS.

Madrid. November 20.—The Carlists shot thirty-seven prisoners who were captured at Cavallo.

GREAT EIRE IN BROOKVILLE

A very destructive fire broke out in Scott & Snyder's livery stable in the eastern part of Brookville, Pa., yesterday morning, which, for some hours, raged with great fury and threatened to destroy the entire town. Among other buildings destroyed was Oak Hall, owned by Col. R. Bell; two houses owned by R. Arthur's, Long & Pearsall's hardware establishment; the Franklin House, owned by J. S. King; K. L. Blood's drug store, Mill's grocery; Kennedy & Dickey's dry goods store; O. H. Brown's undertaking establishment; S. G. Fryer's residence and store J. F. Carroll's store and dwelling; three buildings owned by W. J. McKnight Sheriff Shannon and Dr. Massons offices; the house of J. P. George, editor for the Jeffersonian; the residence of Rev. Boyd, pastor of the M. E. Church; Harry Watson's large dry goods store, and many private houses.

Considerable railroad property was also burned. The loss will amount to $200,000 or upward; on which it is believed there is not more than $50,000 insurance.

BOLD ATTEMPT AT SWINDLING.

On Friday last, says the Lewistown Gazette, D. F. Robinson, Esq., cashier of the Mifflin County National Bank, received a telegraphic dispatch from Middleburg, purporting to be from Col. Wm. Willis, requesting him to forward $500 by express to the latter's address at Selinsgrove. As Col. Willis was in attendance at the Snyder county court as a witness, the money was promptly forwarded without a shadow of suspicion that a swindler was on the make. On the colonel's return to Lewistown, the matter was incidentally mentioned, when it transpired that he had sent no such message. It has since been ascertained that the swindler called at the express office at Selinsgrove for the package but the agent being sharp enough to require known proof of identification failed to get it. The money has been returned.

Dr. A. Harshbarger met with an accident on the 10th inst., which might have ended his life. In the evening he was riding along on horse-back in front of his residence, when a couple of dogs setting up a quarrel on the road got under the horse, which frightened the animal into running away with the Doctor, his route lying for some distance along a fence, the boards of which were sticking up. Some of these projected far enough to strike him on the breast, throwing him violently to the ground, breaking three ribs, and cutting a gash in his head. He is now doing well.

It is announced that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have, owing to the general depression in business, commenced retrenching their expenses. Orders have been issued to the various superintendents of the New Jersey divisions to discharge all hands on new constructions and to reduce the track gangs from twelve to seven men. A reduction is also to be made in the bridge repairers. The working time is to be cut down from ten to nine hours and the pay from fourteen to twelve cents per hour. The indications are that there will be a general reduction of the working forces in all the departments.

One good effect of the continued mild weather has been, it is said, to hatch out the grasshopper eggs in the west, and the fields are swarming with young insects. The farmers exult in the prospective havoc the cold weather will make with the grasshopper crop, and hope to be rid of the pests next year.

Chattanooga, November 20—Among the guests at the Reed house to-day was Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, enroute to Florida, where she will spend the winter.

St. Louis, November 20.—C. T. Quigenberry, treasurer of the state grange of Missouri, who used $20,000 of the grangers money in speculations from which he is unable to realize, has pledged to the grange his property, ample to meet the deficit.

In a fire near Cincinnati, a few days ago, 27 barrels of whiskey were destroyed. Bad news for topers, but a bully fire after all.

PENNSYLVANIA OFFICIAL, 1874.

	Olmsted R.	*Latta, D*
Adams	2569	3004
Alleghany	13089	15794
Armstrong	3858	3928
Beaver	2877	2480
Bedford	2524	2859
Berks	5299	10610
Blair	3390	3226
Bradford	5519	4264
Bucks	6513	6514
Butler	4123	3698
Gambria	2238	3379
Cameron	479	449
Carbon	2060	2420
Centre	2118	3083
Chester	6152	4554
Clarion	1954	3254
Clearfield	1582	3065
Clinton	1481	2436
Columbia	1923	2956
Crawford	4821	4724
Cumberland	3683	4378
Dauphin	4197	5393
Delaware	3599	2207
Elk	464	1127
Erie	5087	4612
Fayette	3111	3714
Forest	367	328
Franklin	3639	3913
Fulton	700	1019
Greene	1469	2663
Huntingdon	2889	2588
Indiana	3590	1694
Jefferson	2048	2161
Juniata	1029	1536
Lancaster	10638	6171
Lawrence	2781	1322
Lebanon	3251	2233
Lehigh	4087	5813
Luzerne	8631	10312
Lycoming	3553	4495
M'Kean	915	918
Mercer	4275	3845
Mifflin	1383	1540
Monroe	408	2037
Montgomery	7390	7803
Montour	875	1455
Northampton	3921	6491
Northumberland	3293	3747
Perry	2279	2424
Philadelphia	59650	46887
Pike	238	1030
Potter	1526	550
Schuylkill	7547	9184
Snyder	1482	1087
Somerset	2835	1627
Sullivan	422	829
Susquehanna	3425	2766
Tioga	3614	1698
Union	1887	1176
Venango	3281	3266
Warren	2306	1960
Washington	4262	4356
Wayne	2296	2488
Westmoreland	5916	5799
Wyoming	1489	1087
York	4083	7111
Total	272,516	277,195
		272,516
Majority		4,679
Temperance vote		4,628
Total vote in 1873		464,294
" " 1874		554,339

The following is the official vote for Auditor-General and Secretary of Internal Affairs:

AUDITOR GENERAL.

Temple	276,601
Allen	272,426
Temple's majority	4,075

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

McCandless	276,925
Beath	272,208
McCandless's majority	4,717

THE PERRYSVILLE MURDER—MEYER SQUEALS.

He Accuses Murry of being his evil Genius—where they came from and how they got here.

That Fredeerick Meyer and Wm. Murray are the men that murdered Gotthard Waln on last Wednesday night admits of no doubt now, Meyer yesterday having made a full confession of the whole business. The confession was brought about by a telegram received by detective Wilmot from the Chief of Police of Detroit Mich, stating that a man named Meyer had broken jail at that place a few days previously and only two or three days before he was to be hung for the crime of murder, of which he had been convicted The telegram stated that perhaps the Meyer might be the one they wanted in Detroit. Accordingly Wilmot visited that jail and interviewed Meyer. The latter denied having ever been arrested in Detroit, but made a full confession of his share in the tragedy executed on the Perrysville road.

Soon after officer Roger O'Mara, who had a hand in the arrest of the murderers, called at the jail in company with the representatives of the evening press when Meyer eased his mind by telling the following story, as detailed by them.

His Story.

"Well, I'm getting tired of this, and want it off my mind. Me and another man left Indianapolis to tramp to Ft Wayne. We thought we could get some work there. At Ft. Wayne we couldn't get anything to do. We met a man there named John Lingshaw that told us he could get us a grain car so we could ride to Toledo. We got there on Saturday night and stayed over Sunday. We had a little money.

Question—What was the name of this man who was with you.

Myer—"Nathaniel Erk. We left Toledo to walk to Cleveland. We walked along the Lake Shore Railroad. It was here I met Murray, asked us where we were going. We said we were going to Cleveland, and wanted to get on a freight car. Murray said, "No use of that, they watch too close." Murray asked us if we had money. I said no. We did have a dollar, but I hid it. Murray said to come with him and have a drink; we went up to a sort of tavern and saw a man in front of it cutting wood; it was election day; Murray asked him if we could get something to drink; he said "no," after which he took us around to the back door and let us in; we took a drink and Murray said, 'I guess we will stay all night with you. We stayed all night there, and got on the cars next morning and rode to Fremont. Murray paid the fare.

The Trio Broken.

At Fremont we lost Erk; Murray told me to stick to him; he said he had plenty of money, and besides he could get something on the sly; we stole a pair of boots at Fremont and I sold them for two dollars; Murray went in the house, and I stayed outside.

Foraging.

When we got out in the country, about four miles from Fremont, we stole thirteen dollars from a house; it was after night; I didn't go inside; Murray went inside and got the money; then we went to Cleveland and when we got there we stole two overcoats out of a boarding house; we pawned them up here on Wylie street, at the first place where there are three balls; Murray took one of the coats there Thursday, and he gave me the other, and I took it on Friday morning, both of them were pawned in his name, and I gave him the ticket for the one I pawned.

A Persuader.

Murray bought one of them pistols here he said that the other one wasn't a good one and he needed one just to "scare people with," he paid six dollars; Murray got me into this scrape.

Dies Infaustus,

"We went over the lower bridge," continued Meyer, "early in the afternoon we took several drinks on our way through Allegheny City and walked out the plank road when we came to the "Three Mile House" we stopped, and I took two beers and two whiskies, and Murray took four whiskies. He said we

Might Make Something

out there, as there was a good deal of travel out that way. We walked on till we saw three two men in the wagon (Wahl and Jacobs); Murray told me to hold the horse. I caught the horse's head and Murray fired once and then he said "halt! give up your money!" Then he fired two other shots. That is all the shooting that was done. I didn't shoot at all."

Meyer stated that he was born in the old country in Baden, came to this country when eleven years old, had been here twenty-two years; had a mother living in Leavenworth, Kansas; was married, but had not lived with his wife for several years, had worked at trunk making for the last sixteen years; have worked in St. Louis, Newark, Chicago and other places; during the war was in the gunboat service worked last in Indianapolis at trunk making, left there last month.

Murray was next interviewed but was non-committal, and exhibited more nerve than Meyer.

Part of the Story Confimed.

After O'Mara had left the jail, he went to Sussman's pawn shop on Wylie avenue and found the two coats spoken of. One was a black cloth overcoat, and the other a dingonal cloth dress coat. The garments were taken to the Mayor's office.

PARTICULARS OF THE SINKING OF THE STEAMER EMPIRE AT NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, November 17.—The regular lower coast packet Empire, Captain Jeanfrean, sank about four o'clock this morning at her landing at the foot of Conti street. The Empire arrived about half past twelve this morning heavily loaded with sugar, molasses, rice, etc. Several passengers left the boat upon her arrival, otherwise the loss of life would have been very large. As it is fourteen passengers and many of the crew are believed to be drowned. Five bodies have been recovered, including the captain's eldest daughter, about seventeen years of age, and Mr. Erisble, well known plantation engineer. Captain Jeanfrean lost four children, but saved himself, wife and baby, who were sleeping in the Texas. Mr. D. R. Perrett, a passenger who escaped from the sinking steamer, gives the opinion that the boat was overloaded and parted in the centre.

A TERRIBLE BATTLE.

Two Hundred Indians Routed—Many Killed and Wounded—Captives Released—Lieut. Baldwin Fighting with the Cheyennes.

Head of North Fork of McClellan's Creek, Texas, Nov. 9, 1874, via Fort Dodge, Kansas, Nov. 16—To day, near this spot, Lieut. Frank D. Baldwin of the Fifth United States Infantry, Chief of scouts, commanding a detachment while on a scout, had a brilliant engagement with about two hundred of the Cheyenne Indains, who were before handsomely whipped by Capt. H. Farnsworth of the Sixth United States Cavalry on the 6th inst.

They fought to-day stubbornly and bravely, from half past 8 A. M. to half past 1 P. M., with ninety-eight men and a howitzer against more than two hundred Indians. After changing their abandoned camps under a galling fire he captured their whole outfit, driving the Indians eight miles from the last position of those successively taken by them.

On the hilltops hard and well-won prizes, left as trophies of victory, were recovered by Lieut. Baldwin, commanding in the persons of two little starved white captives, young girls, aged five and seven years, named Germon, whose father, mother, eldest sister, and brother were recently massacred in Kansas while going to Colorado as settlers. Two remaining sisters, aged thirteen and fifteen years, are yet held by the Indians, doomed to worse than death.

Two desperate charges were made by the Indians to regain them. They were bitterly repulsed and handsomely charged by Lieut. Overton's company. The Federal troops got close enough to use pistols advantageously.

The horses were so much used up after this that the men had to fight afoot. About 80 or 100 trophies were captured and much property destroyed. The camp numbered from 400 to 500, counting women and children.

The pursuit lasted for twenty miles and was not abandoned until four o'clock P. M., when it became useless and impossible for it to be continued longer. The horses were worn out, having had no forage for four days, and having marched 230 miles since October 28, and 50 for the present week.

No losses were sustained by our side. Four Indians are known to have been killed. How many more is not ascertained, but at least twenty must have been slain.

The bloody state of the field attests that the Indians dragged off rapidly a number of their wounded comrades.

JAMAICA.

Great Damage Done By a Hurricane.

Kingston, November 19.—Sixteen vessels were driven ashore near here and wrecked or damaged by the hurricane of the first. There were numerous disasters done to the shipping also at St. Annis. From other sections there is news of great destruction of property, including the crops.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT THIRTY-FIVE LIVES LOST.

Florence, November 16.—A frightful accident has occurred on the railroad between Bologna and Acona, attended by heavy loss of life. Two passenger trains collided while going in different directions. Both trains were wrecked and thirty-five persons were killed and injured. The cause of the accident is not stated. The line was blocked for several hours by the ruins.

ANARCHY IN ARKANSAS.

A New Claimant for the Governorship.

New York, November 14.—A Little Rock dispatch says: To-day Lieutenant Governor V. V. Smith returned from the east and learning that in his absence Governor Baxter had turned the executive office over to Governor-elect Garland, issued a proclamation setting forth the fact that he was elected lieutenant governor for four years in 1872, and that his time not having expired, and that Baxter having abdicated, he was governor of the state.

The proclamation of Smith deprecates the use of force in the settlement of the question which is entirely a legal one. He claims that he is acting under the advice of leading attorneys, and that he will be recognized by the United States authorities. The legality of the new constitution is involved in this question and the matter must be finally settled by some tribunal outside of the state.

Washington, November 15.—Private telegrams from republican sources dated Helena, Arkansas, say that military companies are being organized to support the Smith government, and that a report prevails that such a government will be temporarily established at Helena.

REPORTED INSURGENT VICTORY IN CUBA.

Havana, November 7.—It is reported from insurgent sources that the town of San Geronimo, in the Central Department and garrisoned by 130 Guardia Civiles and about seventy-five volunteers was captured by the insurgents, the town sacked and afterwards burned, and most of the garrison killed.

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—The ravages of diphtheria in Australia have been so extensive within the last few years that the Government offered a large reward for any certain method of cure; and among other responses to this was one by Mr. Greathead, who at first kept his method a secret but afterwards communicated it freely to the public. It is simply the use of sulphuric acid, of which four drops are diluted in three-fourths of a tumbler of water to be administered to a grown person and a smaller dose to children, at intervals not specified. The result is said to be a coagulation of the diphtheritic membrane and its ready removal by coughing. It is asserted that where the case thus treated has not advanced to a nearly fatal termination the patient recovered in almost every instance.

Upon the avererage boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than seven pounds. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight but beyond that age the boys acquire a decided preponderance. Young men of twenty average one hundred and thirty-five pounds, while the young women of twenty average one hundred and ten pounds each. Men reach their heaviest at about forty years of age, when their average weight will be about one hundred and forty pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty years of age, when their average weight will be one hundred and thirty. Taking the men and women together their weight at full growth will then average from one hundred and eight to one hundred and fifty; and women from eighty to one hundred and thirty. The average weight of humanity all over the world, taking the ages and conditions, working men and women, and gentlemen and laborers without occupation, black and white, boys, girls and babies, is nearly one hundred pounds avordupois weight.

Memphis, November 6.—Parties from Osceola, Arkansas, state that early yesterday morning Jack Phillips, negro outraged the wife of a planter near there. From the treatment she received she will probably die. The negro was arrested and brought to Osceola, where the citizens both black and whites improvised the court and after hearing the evidence took the prisoner out and shot him dead.

Paris, November 6.—Great activity is now observable in all the military departments of France, in observance of the recent government decree ordering an increase of the effective strength of the army. Inspections are now the order of the day and staff officers are quite busy. "If war comes, France means to be ready," was recently the significant remark of an officer of high rank.

London, Nov. 4.—News has been received from Central Asia that Yakoob Khan, son of Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, has rebelled against his father, and is now within three days' march of Candahar. A decisive battle is imminent unless the Ameer assents to the exclusion of British influence from Afghanistan.

Troy, November 14.—While a constable and posse of four men were bringing James M. League, jr., a horse thief, from Auburn to this place they were attacked by four masked men and League was shot through the back, the ball coming out in front. League was then tied to a horse, which took fright and galloped through the woods, followed by a mob, who kept up a rambling fire. League's clothing were torn from his body, and he was horribly mutilated by the brush. He was rescued by the posse alive, and wounds are not considered fatal. He was taken to a house near by, and it is feared the mob will hang him to-night.

All quiet in Arkansas—as the sitting governor telegraphs.

CHRISTIANITY AND COLOR.

No American of ordinary observation can have failed to notice that in those sects in which much is made of religious emotion, and the policy of powerful public appeals to feeling is pursued, the moralities of life are at a discount. The same fact is evident in these communities where dogma and doctrine form the staple of religious teaching and religious life. If any one will take up the early colonial records of New England, he will be surprised and shocked at the amount of gross immorality which he will find recorded there. Rigidity of doctrine, the fulmination of the most terrific punishments in the future life, the execution of the most searching and definitive laws against every form of social vice, go hand in hand with every form of vice. There was adultery in high places and adultery in low. Slander held high carnival. Common scolds were too common to be noteworthy. In brief, it seems that a religion which makes most of its authodoxy, or most of its frames and emotions of mind, is a religion most divorced from morality. A man who is told that the genuineness of his religion depends mainly upon the authodoxy of his faith, or mainly upon the raptures of his mental experience, is either partly demoralized by his reception of the statement, or specially unfitted to meet the temptations of his life.

The negro has been supposed to be particularly susceptible to religious influences. He is as fond of religion as he is of music; and we fear that he is fond of it in the same way. It is no slander to say that a large proportion of the religious life of the negro is purely emotional, and that a large proportion of the negroes of the United States have never thoroughly associated, either in their theories, or their practical life, religion with morality. The typical negro preacher is a "tonguey," loud-mouthed man, who appeals in his own fashion to the crowd before him; and the more he can work them up to great excitement, and wild and noisy demonstrations of feeling, the better he is pleased. In portions of the South there are orgies connected with religious meetings of the negroes which are too absurd, too ridiculous, too heathenish, to be mentioned by one who reverently remembers in whose sacred name they are performed. The yelling, dancing, pounding of backs and insane contortions of these worshipers, are the same, in every respect, as they would be in the worship of a fetich. It is an amusement—a superstitious amusement—which leaves no good result whatever, and does no more toward nourishing their morality than the music of the fiddle to which they dance away the next night with equal enthusiasm.

In a recent conversation with an intelligent clergyman, who has spent many years at the South—though a Northern man—we heard him declare, without reserve, that he did not know a negro in the whole Southern country whom he regarded as thoroughly trustworthy in matters of practical morality. Moreover, he declared that the worst men, as a class, among them, were the preachers themselves. By these latter he intended to indicate specially the self-appointed preachers—ignorant, but bright men—who had secured the admiration and support of the masses. We asked him if he could not except from his very sweeping condemnation such among them as had been educated at the North. He shook his head, and replied that he knew some among those, whose superb intellectual culture would grace the proudest race in the world, but never knew one of them whom he could trust—particularly with his own wife. Now, this man had abundant opportunities of observation, and spoke with candor and conscience. On one of the bright September Sundays of the present year, the writer listened to the out-door preaching, on Boston Common, of one of the finest and most able-looking specimens of the African race he ever saw, and what was he preaching about? Not purity of character and life, not love of God and love of man, not duty to family and neighbor, but the theological machinery of salvation. It was the natural reaction from the emotional religion of his race, but it had no more in it for his race, in its moralities, than the fiery nonsense of his less educated brethern.

Let us allow something for mistakes in the judgment and observation of the man whom we have quoted, and still we shall have sufficient ground for the declaration, that the negro in America, as a rule, holds his religion independent of morality—as something which either takes the place of it, or has nothing whatever to do with it, in his practical every day life. The fact is one full of grave suggestion, not only as it regards the future welfare of the race, but as regards the country in whose political fortunes he has become so important a factor. Much as the negro needs intellectual education, he needs moral educatation more. To learn to read will do little for him if, at the same time, his sense of right and wrong, his personal purity, his regard for the rights of others, his conscience, are not improved. If he cannot more fully perceive than he does to-day the relations of Christianity to character and conduct, his Christianity will rather debase than elevate him. In an enormous multitude of instances, all over the South, his religious rites are a travesty of Christian observances, and a libel on Christianity itself—a travesty and a libel that brings religion into contempt among thousands of observers.

It will be said that the loose notions of marriage that prevailed during the negro's bondage, and the thefts in which he then justified himself, have a great deal to do with his present lack of moral sense. It is claimed that his education will lift him above his present religious teaching. Granted, and still we have the emotional nature of the negro left, and his natural tendency to emotional Christianity. It is one of the great problems with which we have to deal—to educate the conscience of the negro. To give him intelligence without this, is to make him more dangerous to himself and us than he is. Either a white man or a black man, with rights and no sense of righteousness, is a dangerous man. His political power is easily bought and readily sold in the market, he is led with awful facility into unlawful combinations, he becomes a social curse in every community. The first special aim, in all our efforts to raise the negro from his degradation, should be direct to his morals. This must be mainly done among the young, and in schools; and any teacher who is not competent to this work has no calling among the Africans, and, if he belongs to the North, he had better come home.—*Dr J. G. Holland, in Scribner's for December.*

For the Reporter.

Obituary.

The sudden and unexpected death of Dr. Van Valzah of Spring Mills, has brought grief to many households.

Few men in our community have ever been so useful, so honest and so beloved. His loss seems irreparable. For more than thirty years he has gone from house to house in Penns Valley, healing the sick, relieving the distressed, and aiding with his wise counsel many who in him found a true friend, as well as a skilful physician.

Dr. Van Valzah was a man of wide information and of large experience. He was devoted to his profession—with one exception, in the long reach of thirty years, he was never absent a week from his field of labor.

Although his life was spent in the seclusion of the country, few physicians were better acquainted with the remedies for disease that Modern Medical Science has suggested, and few were better able to turn them to practical account. About three years since his lovely and estimable wife passed to her rest. By this second removal, one of the sweetest homes in Penns Valley is left desolate. A great company of friends who were accustomed to share the hospitalities of that home, will remember while life lasts, the two noble spirits who were its light and joy. Peace to their ashes. May the mantle of the parents fall upon the children. They do not weep alone—a whole community sorrows with them; and at the same time rejoices because they were priviledged to have parents whose lives were so useful, and whose memories are so blessed.

An attempted revolution in Costa Rica has been promptly suppressed by the Government.

Chili was visited by another earthquake on the 26th ultimo.

MARKETS.

Produce.

Philadelphia, November 23.—Seeds—Cloverseed comes forward slowly and sells 8¼a8¾c per lb. for Pensylvania and western. Timothy is entirely nominal. Flaxseed is taken by the crushers at $2, but the offerings are light.

The flour market is quiet, but prices are well sustained. About 900 bbl. sold in lots to suit the local trade at $4.25a4 75 for extras; $5 25 for Wisconsin extra family $5 25a6 for Minnesota do, do.; $5.50a6-50 for Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana do, do.; and $6.75a7.75 for fancy brands.

In the wheat market there is very little movement. Sales of red at $1.20 a1.23; amber at $1.25a1 28 and white at $1.30a1,37. Rye is worth 98

A Dollar or Two.

With circumspect steps as we pick our way through
This intricate world, as all prudent folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a Dollar or two.

For an excellent thing is a Dollar or two,
No friend is so staunch as a Dollar or two;
In country or town,
As we stroll up and down,
We are cock of the walk, with a Dollar or two.

Do you wish to emerge from the bachelor crew,
And a charming young innocent female to woo?
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it may cost you a Dollar or two.

For love tips his dart with a Dollar or two;
Young affections are gained by a Dollar or two;
And beyond all dispute,
The best card of your suit
Is the eloquent clink of a Dollar or two.

Do you wish to have friends who your bidding will do,
And help you your means to get speedily through?
You'll find them remarkably faithful and true,
By the magical power of a Dollar or two.

For friendship's secured by a Dollar or two;
Popularity's gained by a Dollar or two;
And you'll ne'er want a friend
Till you no more can lend,
And yourself need to borrow a Dollar or two.

THEY MET AND PARTED.

About twenty years ago a steamship sailed from a European port to this country. Among those on board were a French Huguenot gentleman and a young English lady. They had never met before; but no sooner did they see each other than an attachment sprang up between them, which soon ripened, upon acquaintance, into mutual esteem and enduring love. The vessel, when seven days out, struck upon Cape Race Rock, and became a total wreck. Most of the passengers were saved, among them the two persons alluded to, and landed, in small boats, at Chance Cove, a few miles north of the cape. Here they remained for several days, living *a la* Robinson Crusoe, until they were observed by a coasting vessel and taken off in small parties to St. John, New Foundland. At this place the subjects of my story were united in marriage. The only means of getting away from St. John was either to wait for the relief steamer, which the captain of the wrecked vessel had (by way of St. John, New Brunswick) telegraphed to his port of destination in the United States for, or take the fortnightly mail-steamer to Halifax. As this latter course involved the payment of passage, and most of our shipwrecked people had lost their all on the sharp-pointed rocks of Cape Race, but few could avail themselves of it. On the other hand, to await the relief vessel involved a further detention at St. John of, it was believed, fully two months—not a very pleasant prospect in such a place. In this dilemma our hero resolved upon a *ruse*. He and his wife hid themselves in different places on board the Halifax steamer when she was ready to sail. Their plan was to remain concealed until she was out at sea, and then to discover themselves. The gentleman had friends at Halifax, and knew he could obtain funds when he arrived there. They were both young, giddy creatures, and hardly understood the foolish nature of their enterprise.

Well, the vessel put to sea; and, after a few hours of seclusion, the French gentleman made his appearance. This was the signal for a volley of curses from the captain of the vessel, and a cruel order condemning the stow-a-way to the martyrdom of a coal-bunker. But our hero cared nothing for either the heat of the furnace or the smut of the coal. He had gained his passage, and his misery would be over in two days. The only thing he cared about was his wife. So he went to work at stoking coal with a will, determined first to allow the captain's rage to blow over, and then to search out his hidden sweetheart.

Imagine his horror and despair when he heard, shortly afterward, from a brother stoker, that his wife had been discovered before the vessel left port and put ashore. In vain had she called upon her husband, who could not hear her; in vain had she asserted to the infuriated captain that her husband was stowed away on the vessel, and that she would not be parted from him. She was heard with derision, and treated as an unscrupulous and vicious person; so that she was doubtless landed in St. John not only *minus* a husband, but also *minus* a character for respectability. At least, this was the conclusion to which her unhappy husband arrived as he looked over the trackless waters about the vessel and cursed the repeated misfortunes they had visited upon him. However, there was no help for the situation until he could reach Halifax.

Next day, or the day after, he was kicked rather than put ashore, and found himself in the streets of Halifax in a guise so suspicious that, but for his obvious air of gentility, he would not have been received at the Arcadian Hotel, where he had had the courage to apply for board.

To make the story short, he succeeded in finding his friends and having his drafts honored, a thing he could not accomplish in Newfoundland. Then he offered to pay for his stolen passage in the steamer, an offer which was impudently refused by the agents. He finally took passage back in the same vessel for St. John, with the view of rescuing his wife from her uncomfortable and perilous position there.

But new troubles were in store for him. When he arrived at St. John he found that the relief vessel from the States had arrived before she was expected, and that his wife had taken passage in her. She had left a letter behind for him, explaining that she had deemed it best to pursue this course rather than lose the only opportunity that promised of getting away from a place so odious, and where she had no friends; that she could not be certain of the success of his enterprise to Halifax; that she had written to him at Halifax, and to their common port of destination in the States, to the same effect; and that she would await his arrival at the last-named place at the house of the friends with whom she was traveling.

As it subsequently turned out, it seems that this inexperienced young creature had made two very important mistakes. In the first place, the relief-vessel did not go to the port to which the wrecked vessel was bound; in the second place, her friends did not live at the last-named place, but somewhere else, supposed to be out West. So that when, after many detentions, our heart-broken Frenchman found his way to the port of destination, he could discover no trace of his wife.

Among the requirements of the State laws upon immigration is one that demands of each alien passenger his name, vocation, place of destination, etc. After some weeks of knocking about at the seaport, our Frenchman heard of this requirement of the laws, and commenced to search the records of the State Bureau of Immigration, in the hope of finding his wife's name and place of destination. Although he expended a good deal of time and money in this search, the archives were so fragmentary and disordered that nothing came of it; neither did he obtain any intelligence through the post-office.

Ten years passed away. About this time a Federal Bureau of Immigration (now abolished) was established in the State Department. I have, in a previous paper, explained how the functions of this bureau came to be turned over to the Bureau of Statistics.

Well, one day, some two years later, a card, bearing a well-known French Huguenot name, was brought into my office. The bearer of the card was introduced. He was a young man, of medium stature, of an intellectual appearance, and bore the traces of long suffering. His object in visiting me was to solicit permission to examine the lists of immigrant passengers which he understood were filed in my bureau. I explained to him that, although the statistical returns of immigration were compiled and collated in my office, the lists of passengers, if there were any such lists, were required by law to be deposited in the State Department. Upon this he apologized for his intrusion, and withdrew.

About two hours afterward he came again—this time with a look of the deepest dejection, almost in tears. "Oh, sir," said he, "for the love of God, help me to find my wife!" and he related to me the story I have just told. It seems that he had gone to the State Department, and, being accorded permission to search the archives, had found them in such utter confusion—letters, newspapers, returns, copies, books, maps, all higgledy-piggledy, without dates, order or arrangement—as to render it a physical impossibility to search them. Presuming on the interest which he thought his previous brief visit had awakened in me, he had come to ask my advice what to do.

I told him that, with regard to the archives of the State Department, it did not concern him, in respect of the matter in hand, what condition they were in; that his story placed the arrival of his wife in this country twelve years back, and that the Federal Bureau of Immigration had not been established over two years. It could not, therefore, possess any list of passengers upon which his wife's name as an immigrant was recorded. I advised him to advertise in the personal columns of the leading seaport and interior newspapers. He listened with what I fancied was an air of incredulity to my explanation about the State Department archives, evidently believing still that they must have his wife's name and destination on record there, and thanked me for my advice, which I saw very plainly was not to his liking. A few weeks afterward I read in the papers that he had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a dueling pistol. Some lines were found in his pocket, addressed to "Julia."

It is true that this story turns not upon the bad condition of the Federal (but of the State) archives, nevertheless it incidentally even refers to the former, and shows that the archives of the Federal, State and Foreign Departments are, or at least were then, in as confused a state as those of the Treasury. —*A. Delmar*

To Marry or Not to Marry.

An interesting discussion is going on just now between certain volunteer correspondents of the New York *Times* as to whether it is better for a young man residing in a large city, who has a yearly income ranging from $1,200 to $1,800, to marry or not to marry. As a matter of course, those who maintain the affirmative have the popular side of the question, but it is surprising to see what weighty arguments can be produced in the negative. The confirmed bachelors contend that marriage should, as a rule, take place between persons of kindred tastes, and who occupy relatively the same position in society. The man who has a modest income of $1,800 a year, can dress tolerably well, live comfortably, and procure some of the luxuries which are sought after by people of cultivated taste. He does not care to marry a woman beneath him in social position, not because her fortune is small, but because her education is presumably defective, and she has not been trained to the habits of life with which he is familiar, and which he deems essential to his happiness. A "poor" girl might accept his hand and share his humble fortune without complaint, but there is a possibility that the companionship of a woman who had grown up in comparative poverty might not be agreeable to him. Some "poor" girls are well educated and accomplished, but a great many are not.

Thus reasons the New York bachelor, and concludes to remain single rather than ask a girl who has been reared in affluence to come down to humbler things, or to run the risk of taking a wife whose struggle with adversity has left her without the accomplishments so pleasing to a man of cultivated tastes. We have no doubt that he is entirely wrong in his reasoning and in his conclusions; we think that every man in New York who has an income of $1,800 might find a wife capable of adapting herself to his circumstances, and whose intellectual culture would not be inferior to his own. But the fact that considerations like these prevent thousands of young men from marrying is only too apparent.

One gentleman writes that he has been hunting for a wife for fifteen years, but has never found a well-educated girl, occupying a good position in society, who was willing to accept himself and his $1,800 a year. He claims to be well-bred, good-looking, and accomplished, a welcome guest in the homes of the rich, and an expert in manly sports, such as rowing, riding, and driving. We think that, after all this advertising, this poor lone bachelor will be likely to get a wife, a daughter of one of the first families of New York or some other city. It is not improbable but that the proposal may come from the lady.

Broke his Heart.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes: There are some very beautiful colored girls here just of that *cafe au lait* color so exquisite when accompanied by fine features. One pretty Creole married an officer of the Freedman's Bank, a colored man, who formerly played the piano for private germans, etc. He built her a fine house, and took her to Niagara on the bridal trip. She was married in a white satin dress, with orange blossoms and tulle veil. Another girl, so nearly white that the African blood would never be suspected, was highly educated and an accomplished musician. Her eyes were large and lustrously black, like those of the Spanish women; her hair as purple as the raven's wing; her complexion creamy, with the faintest suspicion of *coleur de rose*; her lips full and scarlet; her form graceful and rounded; her hands and feet wondrously tiny. Her father intended to take her abroad, where his pedigree was unknown, or if discovered foreigners would not show the horror of negro blood evinced by Americans; then he hoped his daughter's beauty, accomplishments, and wealth might attract Caucasian wooers. But she married a black man, son of a *restaurateur*, and broke her father's heart.

The Trial of Kullman.

The conviction of Kullman of an attempt to kill Prince Bismarck followed his confession. His statement was decidedly cool; he admitted that he had fired at the head because he thought it possible Bismarck might wear a shirt of mail, and explained that he wished to kill the Prince as the great enemy of the Catholic Church. After this the court had little to do but to decide whether he was accountable for his actions, and the medical testimony thus became of special importance. His maternal grandfather committed suicide; his mother died insane; his father was an habitual drunkard. These antenatal misfortunes are offered in extenuation of his offense. The court approved this view of his character and declared him responsible only to a limited degree. The sentence of Kullman was fourteen years' imprisonment, ten years without civil rights, and to remain under surveillance for life.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—Said one girl to another as they were going to school, "We're to early; we'll have to loaf around there until the doors are open." "*Loaf* around?" replied the other "that is not a pretty expression." "Well, I'd like to know," said the reproved girl, "how I'm to learnto talk proper, when I have three brothers harping about 'chin music,' 'cheese it,' 'whoop 'em up,' 'that is not your jacket,' and all that sort of talk all the time."

Rashness Near the Cars.

A gentleman who recently saved a lady friend from a mad leap upon a moving train feels impelled to speak some sensible words against this reckless and far too common practice. He says:

I think most people will agree with me in thinking that it is better to lose twenty minutes, or even half an hour, than to risk a life; yet we everywhere read of people who run these fearful risks, too often unsuccessfully.

Very recently a distinguished graduate of a Virginia university wanted to deposit a letter in the post-office on the other side of a railroad track. A locomotive was approaching; he thought he could cross before the ponderous engine could come along. He miscalculated the speed. In another moment he was a shapeless mass. Had he waited two minutes—half a minute—the train would have passed along, and he could have deposited his letter.

A young lady wished to show her friends how easily she could cross in front of a locomotive; she did cross; but her streaming dress caught in the passing wheels, drawing her back under its crushing weight.

One day a young wife looked from her chamber window and saw her husband leave the cars, which daily passed her home. She ran down stairs to greet him at the door, but when she reached it he was not there. She thought he was playing her a little trick; she called for him playfully, but there was no answer. She saw a crowd of men approach the gate, open it, come up the path with her dead husband.

He did alight from the cars, and safely step upon the platform before the station. There was a train coming in an opposite direction; he thought he had plenty of time to cross in front of it, and did cross except by one single inch; the wheel struck the heel of his boot, wheeled him round under the cars, and all was over; one minute longer, and he could have crossed with the locomotive before him.

Limbs are broken, lives are lost every year in any large city by attempting to cross in front of moving horses or vehicles. And all this foolhardy daring that a few moments of time may be saved!

The Guillotine.

Science, says the London *Lancet*, would almost seem to be as tardy of growth as moral principle in some quarters, if we may judge from the arguments against death by decapitation which have been revived in connection with the recent executions in France. Poirier, the Limours murderer, and Moreau, the herbal poisoner, of St. Denis, were both guillotined lately, and forthwith the Parisian press inveighs against that mode of execution, citing the old experiments of Dr. Sue. Our readers may possibly remember that less than four years ago we had to refute the theory of Dr. Pinel, that Tropman's head, having lost under the guillotine the sources of common sensation, yet retained hearing, sight and smell, with the whole apparatus of consciousness and intellect. The trunk, he maintained, died quietly and painlessly from hemorrhage in the course of a few minutes, but the brain, shielded by atmospheric pressure, retained its blood, and consequently its life, for no fewer than three hours. It is still necessary, it seems, to reassert the fact that, while the brain possesses a considerable quantity of blood after decapitation, the blood rapidly becomes venous for want of oxygen; the condition being like that in complete asphyxia, in which consciousness vanishes in ninety seconds. The physical shock sustained from the guillotine would of itself, moreover, paralyze all nervous function too completely to admit of consciousness taking place during the brief interval necessary for the thorough deoxidation of the blood in the brain. Beyond the momentary impact of the descending knife on the felon's throat, no further sensation can be felt. Indeed, the mode of execution is so painless as to almost weaken the deterrent force of capital punishment, certainly to deprive those who would abolish that punishment of any argument deducible from the "horrors of the guillotine."

Arnold's Boy and Chandler's Boy.

The other evening Arnold's boy and the Chandler boy were sitting in the kitchen in the dark, telling stories of Captain Kidd and other free traders, when Arnold senior sang out for the eleventh time within the half hour:

"Benjamin Franklin, go down stairs and get that kindling immediately!"

Chandler's boy had just got to that part of the story telling how the free and easy sailor before mentioned used to mix his grog in a coffin and slice small boys for flavoring.

Now Ben never fancied going into a cellar at night, and his fears were increased ten-fold after hearing the weird romance of the "Bloody Pirate." So, when he heard the suggestive tramp of the governor's boots in the hall, he quietly slipped into the closet, leaving Chandler's boy sitting by the fire.

Arnold senior came in, and seeing Ben, as he supposed, not even stirring for the cellar, he walked up to him and lifted him up by the ear.

"Easy! Easy!" shouted Chandler's boy in surprise.

"Easy?" shouted the old man, completely dumbfounded by Ben's supposed audacity; "easy," and he recovered his presence of mind sufficient to kick Chandler's boy into the coal hod and out of the door before he discovered his mistake.

Chandler's boy says he is going to knock the stuffing out of Ben as soon as the swelling goes down and his north ear gets the crook out of it.—*Danbury News.*

A Good Bed.

A most soft, comfortable, and wholesome filling for beds or for mattresses can be procured in most country places by getting a farmer, when threshing, to allow oat chaff to be saved. It is soft, light, and elastic, and when fresh and clean is very sweet. The cost is very little, only the cost paid to the farmer for the men saving and sifting it. As oat chaff is rarely used for cattle food, it is easily obtainable. It is so very light that a slighter kind of bed-tick than is necessary for other kinds of filling is quite sufficient for oat chaff. Another advantage is that it can be changed every year at so little cost that it is within the reach of many, if not of all. For children's beds it is perfectly satisfactory. It is only necessary to keep a sack or two stuffed full of oat chaff in a dry place, and then new and fresh filling is at hand to make a sweet bed, whatever accident may have befallen the cot mattress. Next to the chaff is clean oat straw for bedding. Indeed, we should make this the first choice, after the more cleanly mat, for all adults. It should be changed frequently, and always be kept sweet and clean.

The Danger of a Pocket Knife.

A singular accident happened at Lawrence, Mass., to an eleven-year-old son of Alonzo Winkley, which resulted in the loss of his right leg. The father had purchased a pocket-knife for the boy during the day, and while the lad was cutting a piece of thin wood, which was resting upon the thigh of his right leg, the wood split and the blade of the knife was driven into the flesh through the femoral artery. Physicians stopped the flow of blood with a tourniquet, and after etherizing the patient dissected down to the femoral artery, which was elevated and a ligature applied just above the incision. All compression was then removed and the leg moved in position, when venous blood came pouring out, showing that the femoral vein was, like the artery, badly cut. More physicians were called, and it was decided that the amputation of the leg was the only means of saving the patient's life, and it was tak n off about one-third of the distance from the knee to the body.

Mobile is almost entirely supplied with coal from the mines in the northern and central parts of Alabama.

A Brutal Official.

The guardian of the county charity and honor of Kent county, Michigan, appears to have been principally distinguished for brutality worthy only of a jailor of the Middle Ages. He seems to have delighted in torturing the weak and starving the strong into submission. Whenever a healthy pauper was guilty of the impropriety of proclaiming that the demands of his appetite were by no means satisfied by the meagre diet accorded him in the poor-house, this gentle official was wont to beat and otherwise maltreat said healthy pauper until complaints were no longer possible, inasmuch as there was no more breath in the complainant's body. If an idiot was confided to the care of the tender-hearted overseer, he forthwith stabled the wretched creature like a cow or a pig. When the investigation prompted by the complaints of the much-maltreated Kent county paupers disclosed their wretched condition, it turned out that the inmates of the poor-house had been beaten on many occasions until their starveling frames were covered with bruises; that many of them had been allowed to lie for days in wretched receptacles, unworthy the name of rooms, on straw and saw-dust; and that this model county institution had a department, called the "fools' room," into which all disagreeable cases of infirmity or poverty were dismissed, and whose inmates died from fright or privation, much to the satisfaction of the overseer.

The examination which the county officials were finally induced to make, says the New York *Times*, disclosed other equally astonishing facts. The overseer and his assistants were convicted of having on numerous occasions beaten weak-minded and aged women until they could not stand alone; and the testimony shows that it was then customary to drag the fainting creatures by the hair of their heads to the cell-like rooms allotted them, or even to thrust them into the "fools' room," in case they rebelled against such outrageous treatment. This "fools' room" seems to have been a species of black-hole. Connected with the poor-house was a species of jail, into which paupers were thrust on very slight provocation. A word of complaint, a grimace from a lunatic, a demand for a proper quantity of decently-prepared food, were enough to procure the unlucky offenders a sojourn in cells such as the vilest criminals are rarely familiar with. So strict was the discipline in this abominable institution, and so careful had the overseer always been to keep complaints of his infamous conduct from the outer world, that it is remarkable that the paupers succeeded in calling attention to their heavy grievances.

The Michigan overseer who has shown such brutality, and to whose account several deaths are clearly chargeable, will undoubtedly be severely punished. The people of his neighborhood, and of the State in general, demand that heavy penalties be visited upon such a monster. They are naturally shocked at the manner in which he has betrayed their confidence. But there is scarcely a State in the Union from which there has not, at one time or another, come abominable stories of cruelty similar to those now told of the Michigan overseer. Many of the "poor-houses" in New England and the Middle States have long been no better than they should be.

Fight with a Cougar.

A letter from Fort Griffin, Texas, gives the following account of a little episode in frontier life:

On the bank of the Clear fork of the Brazos river, John Selman and his family were sitting in their little cabin, enjoying the comforts of a brilliant fire, when their dog set up a fierce barking. Mr. Hewitt, who lives with Mr. Selman, walked out to see what was the matter, and discovered a large cougar. Mr. H. stepped back to get a gun, leaving the door open, intending to return in a moment.

But their morning visitor did not choose to wait for his return, and followed immediately into the house. The first introduction the intruder gave himself was to leap upon a little child, taking hold of the neck with his canine teeth, inflicting some very serious wounds. Mrs. Selman, the mother of the child, grabbed it and released it. The animal then made an attempt to recapture the child from the mother, and Mr. Hewitt, who is gifted with uncommon size and unusual strength, knocked the monster down and kicked it under the bed. Mr. Selman had got hold of a gun by that time, and as the cougar came from under the bed, shot it, the ball entering the left side of its neck, ranging back and coming out through the abdomen. But that only infuriated him more than ever.

He then leaped upon the bed, tearing the bed and bedding. The door had got closed during the fracas, and the wild animal having become dissatisfied with his little prison, like a lion in a cage, leaped from side to side of the room, upsetting the chairs, table and other furniture, at the same time uttering the most terrific screams imaginable. At last Mr. Selman got hold of another gun, and shot it through, behind the shoulders. It then jumped at the fire, grabbing its mouth full of live coals, and stood there and growled until Mr. Selman opened the door, and Mr. Hewitt took it by the tail and dragged it into the yard, where it died. It measured eleven feet nine inches in length.

The Two Opposites.

I was once sitting, writes a correspondent of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in a cool underground saloon at Leipsic, while without people were ready to die from the heat, when a new guest entered and took a seat opposite me. The sweat rolled in great drops down his face, and he was kept busy with his handkerchief, till at last he found relief in the exclamation, "Fearfully hot!" I watched him attentively as he called for a cool drink, for I expected every moment that he would fall from his chair in a fit of apoplexy. The man must have noticed that I was observing him, for he turned toward me suddenly, saying, "I am a curious sort of person, am I not?" "Why?" I asked. "Because I perspire only on the right side." And so it was; his right cheek and the right half of his forehead were as hot as fire, while the left side of his face bore not a trace of perspiration. I had never seen the like, and, in my astonishment, was about to enter into conversation with him regarding the physiological curiosity, when his neighbor on the left broke in with the remark, "Then we are the opposites and counterparts of each other, for I perspire only on the left side." This, too, was the fact. So the pair took seats opposite to each other, and shook hands like two men who had just found each his other half.

Steam Has Done It.

The employment of steam by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company in extinguishing the Empire Mine has proved a success, which is of incalculable value, not alone in Pennsylvania, but in mining districts everywhere. The fire broke out in this mine the 31st of last December, and the Company worked up to March pouring in water, walling up and using every exertion to quench the flames, but without success.

At this time, the mine boss, Lewis S. Jones, urged the trial of steam. A wall entirely surrounding the old workings was completed with eager haste; all cave holes above were tightly packed with clay, a single airway, to be afterwards gradually closed, alone remaining. The steam from eighteen boilers was driven down through pipes already inserted, and early in May all eyes looked their joyful farewell to the fire. At that time the thermometer attached to the test pipes registered 176 degrees. A month later the lower stratum was cold. The steam, however, will be kept confined until the first of January next, to provide against any possibility of lurking danger.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The small-pox prevails to an alarming extent in Montreal.....Simeon, M. P. for South Norfolk, Canada, has been unseated for bribery and corruption.....There is a strike among the stone-cutters on the Welland Canal, Ontario.....Three men, claiming to be American fishermen, were arrested by the Spanish authorities at Bacurano, near Havana. The men claim that they went ashore to purchase provisions, their stock being exhausted.....A dispatch from Hendaye says peremptory orders have been received from Paris for the expulsion of all Spaniards from the frontier towns.....Yakoob Khan, son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, has rebelled against his father, and has raised an army to fight him.

The New Jersey Board of Education reports the number of children in the State between the ages of five and eighteen years as 298,000. There are 1,493 school buildings, and the number of teachers employed is 2,855. The number of pupils enrolled as in attendance is 186,392, the increase of children within the ages mentioned being 11,557. The statistics show that there was 111,608 who do not attend the State schools.....An accident occurred on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad, in which one passenger was killed and fifteen injured.....It was discovered that a woman has been buried alive in Montreal. The appearance of the corpse on opening the coffin was harrowing. The affair has been hushed up and the victim's name not given.....The McCune-Hogan or Hoagland suit, involving $5,000,000 worth of land in Tioga county, Pa., is entered at Caldwell, Ohio.....While firing a salute at Madison, Ohio, a cannon burst, instantly killing a young man named George F. Martin.

Ex-Senator Doolittle, in a speech, said that ex-President Johnson saved $30,000 of his salary, and gives this as a reason why the salary of the office should be reduced.....Careful estimates put the yield of the precious metals this year in Utah at $10,000,000. This is against $5,000,000 last year.....The famine in Asia Minor, which is now recognized by the Turkish government as having assumed very serious proportions, is occupying the attention of the Grand Vizier, who has determined to transport thither a large amount of provisions in the hopes of being yet in time to save many lives, and to enable the peasants to sow their fields, a proceeding which at present he finds has been dangerously retarded from want of seed corn and beasts of the plow.....Near Osceola, Ark., Jack Phillips, a negro, outraged the wife of a planter, and she died. The negro was arrested and taken to Osceola, where the citizens, both white and black, formed a court, and after hearing evidence, took the prisoner out and shot him dead.....The charge against George C. Harding, editor of the Indianapolis *Herald*, for attempting to kill Sol Moritz, for the seduction of his daughter, was dismissed by the criminal court, the prosecuting attorney recommending a *nolle prosequi*.....Allen county, Ind., is excited by the abduction of three children of John Martin, a few weeks ago, by two men and three women. The party were traced to Illinois, but have not been heard from since. The children were aged respectively ten, thirteen, and fifteen years.

Balances in the United States Treasury: Currency, $15,460,101; special deposits of legal tenders for the redemption of certificates of deposit, $53,165,000; coin, $84,093,000, including $21,067,000 in coin certificates; outstanding legal tenders, $382,000,000.....Miss Charlotte Cushman bade farewell to the stage at Booth's Theater, New York. Mr. William Cullen Bryant presented the distinguished actress with a laurel wreath and Mr. Roberts read a poem by R. H. Stoddard, after which there was a serenade at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.....United States Marshal Selye and Lieutenant Hodgson, U. S. A., were sent to prison for ten days at Vienna, La., for contempt of court.....The murderer of Mr. Haber, the German Consul to Japan, has been beheaded.....Dr. J. C. Ayer was burned in effigy in the town of Ayer, Mass., which was named after him. In condemnation thereof a numerously-attended citizens' meeting was held, when deprecatory resolutions were passed. Dr. Ayer is the well-known patent medicine man who was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress.....While the funeral of a Mr. Lapange was being held at Pawpaw, Mich., a little son of the deceased wandered to the river near the house and was drowned.

Edward McGuire shot and instantly killed his wife in San Francisco. Jealousy is said to have prompted him to commit the deed.....Archie Powell, colored, of Little Rock, Ark., shot his wife in the neck, and then shot himself in the mouth; both mortally wounded. Jealousy was the cause of the deed.....Jeremiah O'Sullivan, who was in the Hudson county, N. J., jail awaiting transportation to State prison to serve a five years' sentence, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.....A hurricane passed over the island of Jamaica and caused considerable damage. In that harbor there are a few small wrecks and several lives lost. The storm is believed to be most severe in Barbadoes, Santa Lucia, and Hayti and the north side of Jamaica. There has been no intercourse since between Kingston and either of the sister islands mentioned, or northern Jamaica.....Hartridge's majority for Congress in the First Alabama District is 4,211, and Smith's majority in the Second District is 2,154.....Wm. Walter Phelps, for M. C. in New Jersey, is beaten by five votes.....N. S. Stevens has been elected Delegate to Congress from Arizona by about 200 majority.....The official count of the Congressional votes in the Fourth Massachusetts District gives the election to Frost by a small majority.....The Pennsylvania Senate stands 20 Democrats and 30 Republicans; the House 107 Democrats and 94 Republicans. Democratic majority on joint ballot, 3.....Justice Hogan will contest E. R. Meade's election in the 5th New York District.

A package of Danish butter was received at the Butter and Cheese Exchange in New York, which was packed in a tin case more than seventeen years ago.....A. Yeatman Zachos, a florist of New York, was married at 11 o'clock in the morning, and shot himself fatally the same evening.....A scene was enacted during the services at the Methodist Episcopal Mission Church in Washington which will never be forgotten by the witnesses thereto. The clergyman, Rev. Mr. Hysore, while preaching, suddenly remarked, "Brethern, I feel very sick," and, clasping his right hand to his forehead as if in intense pain, exclaimed, "Jesus, save me, save me now," at the same time staggering backward, and, falling in a half-reclining position on a sofa, died in great agony.....The small-pox is on the increase in Montreal and many additional cases are reported.....John W. Head, Democratic Congressman-elect from the Fourth District of Tennessee, died at Gallatin very suddenly.....A woman named Stiernen killed her son, thirteen years old, at Milwaukee, by breaking his skull with an ax, and then committed suicide by jumping into a cistern. The woman had been in bad health, and the act was committed during an attack of insanity, induced by fear that she would be separated from the child.

The mammoth cotton mill of the Spragues at Baltic, Conn., has resumed work after three weeks' suspension, caused by a strike of the mule spinners. A few of the strikers have returned and fresh spinners will be employed if the rest do not yield.....A dispatch received from Gen. Pope, through Gen. Sheridan, announces that Big Horn, a Cheyenne chief, with twenty warriors, forty-eight women, forty-nine children, and over 200 horses, surrendered unconditionally to Col. Hall, at the Cheyenne Agency. The warriors are held in confinement.....Francis C. King, a prominent forwarding merchant of Buffalo, drowned himself in a cistern at his residence.....A large public meeting was held at Florence, Mass., at which gold medals, appropriately inscribed, were presented by the citizens of the Mill river valley to George Cheney, Collins Graves, Jerome Hillman, and Myron Day, the heroes of the Williamsburgh reservoir disaster, six months ago.....All of the New York Constitutional amendments were carried in Brooklyn by majorities varying from 4,781 to 41,381.....It was declared that Edwin B. Meade has a majority of 175 over Edward Hogan in the Sixth New York District.....Ex-Justice Robert F. Laird, who absconded from Jersey City last August, with the accumulated funds of several of his clients, has written from Liverpool expressing his desire to return and make restitution.....Passengers from Little Rock report that two horse thieves, caught in the act of stealing, were shot and killed at Brinkley, Arkansas.

The Pidgin---A Composition.

The pidgin isn't the turkle dove, but is like that one, and coos all the same. Some is powters, and some is tumblers, but not to drink out of. Wen pidgins is cultivated they are all kinds, but the wild can eat more akorns. Wen I am big my father says I may shoot pidgins at matches, like gentlemen all does, but my sister she says no man that shoots pidgins can marry her, but no man would want to marry her as long as the pidgins hold out, for that would be fun enouf. Wen she said it her young man got as red as a beet root, and the next day he askid my uncle Ned if he knew any body that would like to by a firs rate gun. My uncle Ned he laughit, and said he would by it if it was a good pidgin gun, but he dident think it was, 'cause it had come near spilin' a match.

Some pidgins is such good flires that fokes gives 'em letters to carry. They will deliver it any were inside of a day, for all they does is jest go up and wait til the earth a turnin' roun' brings the rite place below 'em, and then they pounces down on it, and the man wich gitf the letter says poor bird, how tired you mus be, and the pidgin takes on like he was so as to get cuddled.

Wen my sister's young man went to New York he cot one of my father's pidgins and took it with him to fetch back a letter to her. The next day wenever she herd the poseman's nock she was near faintin', 'cause she thought it was her letter, for she bleeved the pidgin would have to take it to the pose office first like other letters. But wen uncle Ned tole her the pidgin mus come the rite windo she went and opened evry windo in the house, and it was a cole day, and mother and the baby took cole, and was ill a long time. The letter dident come, but no matter, for it was printed in a newspaper were the pidgin went, just the wrong way from wat it ot. I never see such a sick letter.

JUDGMENT OF MUSICIANS.—Theodore Thomas, the distinguished founder and conductor of the famous "Thomas' Orchestra," New York, ought to know as well as any one the opinions entertained by musicians respecting musical instruments. He declares that they generally agree with him in regarding the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs as much the best instruments of this class in the world. It is not, therefore, surprising that they are now largely exported to Europe, commanding higher prices there than the instruments of their best makers.—*Com.*

The Cattle Disease at Simsbury, Conn.

Dr. Cressy, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has been in Connecticut to investigate the new cattle disease at Simsbury. He found it to be the real "Massachusetts cattle disease," pleuro-pneumonia, and that there had already been nineteen deaths from it. The disease originated last spring among some farrow cows brought from New York State the previous winter, and fed on distillery refuse. The cattle were pastured out during the summer, and some of them died. The disease was communicated to other cattle, proving fatal in several cases. A cow that died was opened, and one lung weighed twenty-two pounds, while both must have weighed fifty pounds. Another case was found where a single lung weighed thirty-five pounds, whil, the other lung was not diseased at all. The lungs of those diseased are as hard as hard cheese, having become hepatized, or made like liver, as the doctors say. Dr. Cressy took home specimens of the lungs and placed them in the Agricultural College Museum. The pleural membranes were found to be grown together, and grown to the lungs and ribs, making a union as close as if glued together. The disease is more contagious than the Texan disease, but not so fatal. Of this latter disease twenty cattle have recently died at Tariffville, only four miles from Simsbury, the frosts not having succeeded in putting an end to its ravages, as was expected. The only thing to be done with the new disease is to guard against it by the strictest quarantine, as it is as likely to rage in winter as in summer.

Whisky and the Weed.

Intelligent physiologists and pathologists admit that all so-called medicines containing alcohol—whether they emanate from the regular pharmacopœia and are called tinctures, or from the empirical rum mills, and are labeled "Tonics"—are essentially dangerous and destructive. The only way in which drunkenness can be arrested is by restoring the integrity of the nerves (especially the nerves of taste and the great sympathetic nerve), and purifying the animal fluids; and these objects are more certainly and swiftly accomplished by the use of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters than by any other means. Hence, probably, the opinions now so generally expressed, that this pure preparation is a sovereign remedy for the evils referred to. Should it be clearly ascertained that Vinegar Bitters is not only a specific for indigestion, liver disease, nervousness, scrofulous ulcers and eruptions, and a host of other disorders, but also for inebriety, thousands will rise up and call the discoverer blessed.—*Com.*

Investment with Positive Return.

No financial securities yet offered in the market have become so readily and generally popular as the first mortgage premium bonds of the Industrial Exhibition Company of New York, and there exists many patent reasons for this marked preference. In the first place the bonds are placed at the attainable price of $20 each, and the return of the principal is assured beyond contingency; further, the holder of each bond participates in every quarterly Premium drawing until it is redeemed—principal and interest. The premiums range as high as $100,000 for a single bond. The next Premium Drawing will be held on the 7th of December next, at Steinway Hall, New York. The character of the gentlemen who have the management of this great enterprise in hand, is of itself ample assurance that the plan will be carried through to successful consummation, and that the interests of the bondholders will be faithfully guarded.

By addressing Morgenthau, Bruno & Co., the Financial Agents, at No. 23 Park Row, N. Y., circulars giving full explanation may be obtained.—*Com.*

The most stylish collar that is worn now is the Improved Warwick. It fits better than any other on a low cut shirt. All the edges being folded, and the surface looking so much like linen, we recommend all to try it. Ask your gents' furnisher for the Improved Warwick.—*Com.*

Every one knows that a cold or cough ought not to be neglected, and that if it is not attended to in season it may result fatally. Our advice is to take care of it before it is too late, and use Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which can be had of any druggist. Dr. Wishart's Worm Sugar Drops are the best remedy for worms ever discovered.—*Com.*

The Atlantic cable is a natural benefit, so are Silver Tipped Shoes for children. Never wear through at the toe. Try them. For sale by all dealers.—*Com.*

How to Look Young—Sixteen.—Don't paint or use vile Hair Restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., and in place of a red rustic face, you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around.

The People's Stamp of Value.—The Government indorsement, which legalizes the sale of Plantation Bitters, is not the only stamp affixed to that famous Vegetable Tonic. It bears, in addition to that official sanction, the still more valuable stamp of public approbation. This inestimable voucher of its rare properties as a Tonic, Corrective and Alterative is world-wide.

Dr. Dan'l Weaver, of Boston, fell down a mining shaft near Denver, 76 feet. He was terribly bruised, limbs broken, and supposed to be dead. Mexican Mustang Liniment was freely used, consciousness restored, his life was saved, and he came home in eight weeks. This is the most wonderful article for Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Swellings, Spavin, Ringbone, Sores, or any flesh, bone or muscle ailment upon man or beast, ever discovered. It is humanity to animals. It has saved much suffering and many useless doctors' bills. It can be had for 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle, in any drug store. But beware of counterfeits. The genuine is wrapped in a fine steel-plate label, signed "O. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

THEIR AGES.—An Illinois farmer determines the age of animals over nine years old by the following novel method: After the horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes on the upper lip, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for every year after nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve, if he has four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will get it.

It is suggested by somebody in California that Christopher Columbus's birthday ought